THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MINING RECORD



CHRISTMAS 1899

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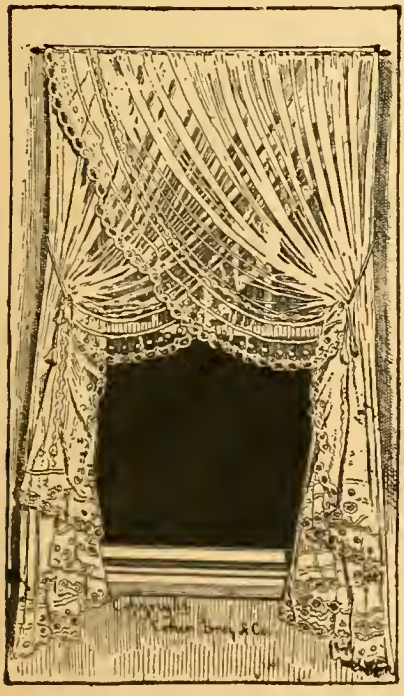
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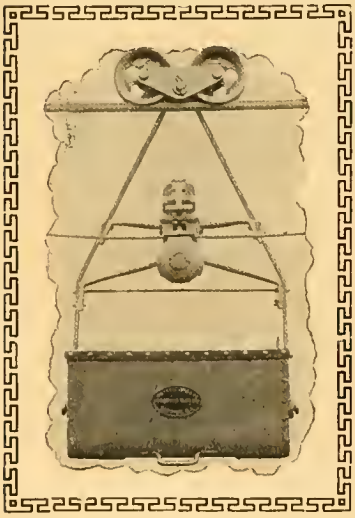


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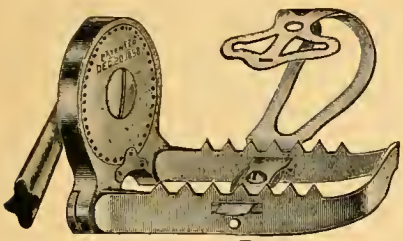
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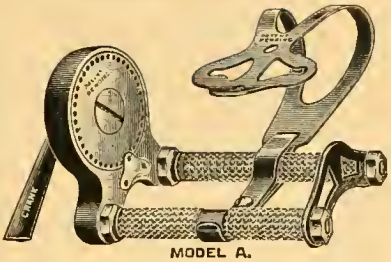
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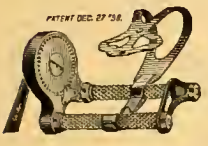
MODEL B.



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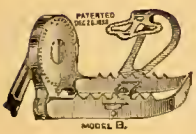
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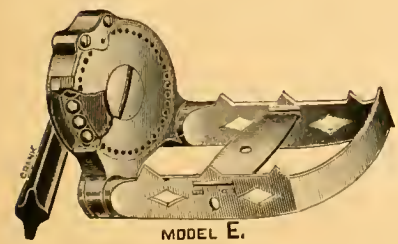
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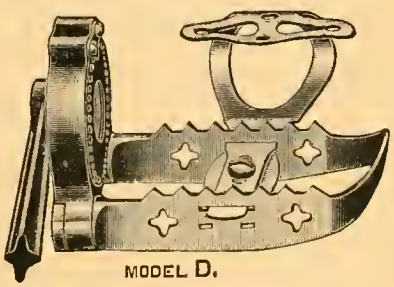
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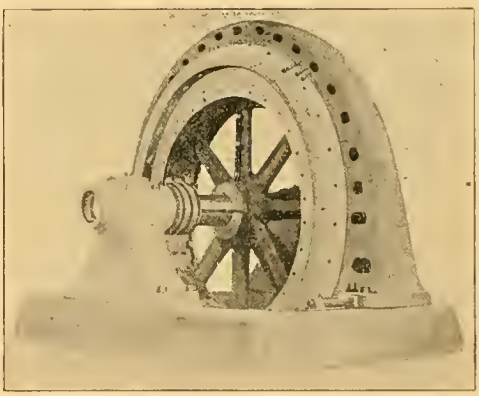
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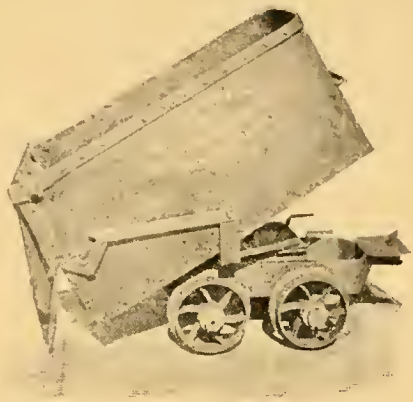
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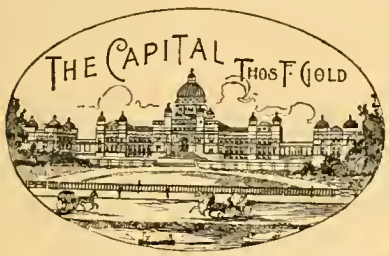
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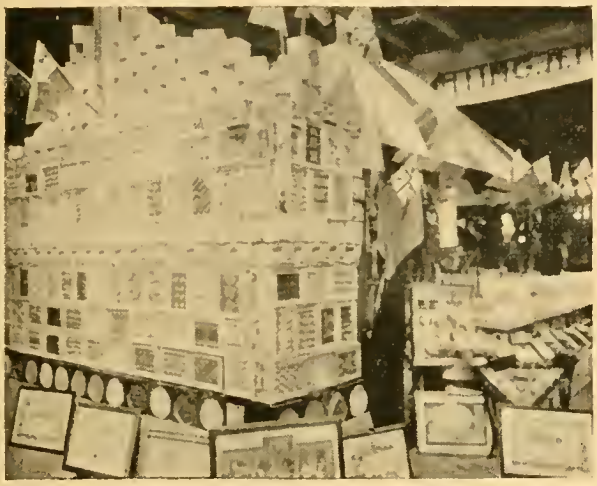
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

		Page
"The Native Born"	Frontispiece	
The Alaskan Question	By *Sir C. H. Tupper*	1
The Prehistoric Races of B. C.	By *C. Hill-Tout, F.A.G.S.*	6
The Rubaiyat of Free Miner's Certificate No. 65534A	By *J. H M'G.*	24
The Assassination of Deaf Sam's Plum-Pudding	By *David Falconer*	25
Mac the Immaculate	By *Arthur Scaife*	32
Fooled	By *Clive Phillipps-Wolley*	42
The Unconventionality of Miss Churchill-Fane	By *H. Mortimer Lamb*	45
Captured Single-Handed	By *F. G. Farrow*	53
British Columbia Before Confederation	By *E. O. S. Scholefield*	57
The Indians of British Columbia	By *J. W. MacKay*	71
The Last Indian Battle	By *G. Sheldon-Williams*	84
Victoria: Its Natural Advantages	By *C. H. Gibbons*	90
The Introduction of Capital in New Countries	*D. B. Bogle*	97

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"Last toast, and of obligation,
A health to the native born."
—Kipling.

THE ALASKAN QUESTION.

By Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K.C.M.G., Q.C., M.P.

EVER since our neighbours went into business on their own account they have been pushing their "line" fences over upon our land.

Boundary lines have cost England and her good friend, the United States, a lot of trouble and expense.

They have caused a deal of heart-burning to British colonists in America.

And yet at the start of the American Republic we find England and the United States solemnly agreeing by Article II. of the Treaty of 1783 as follows: "And that all disputes which might arise in future on the subject of boundaries of the said United States may be prevented it is hereby agreed and declared that the following are and shall be their boundaries."

The record of a hundred years, is, however, filled with disputes and fresh treaties on the subject of boundaries.

In 1794 an arrangement "to regulate the boundary . . . according to justice and mutual convenience, and in conformity to the intent of the said Treaty" had to be entered into.

While provision was made in this treaty for the determination of the St. Croix River by three commissioners, the year 1842 had come before the place of the source of the River St. Croix could be agreed upon.

In 1814 another treaty provided for the appointment of two commissioners to settle the disputed question of the Passamaquoddy Islands "in conformity with the true intent of the said Treaty of Peace of 1783," and it was stipulated that if the commissioners could not agree the matter should be referred to a friendly sovereign or state for decision

It was necessary for the treaty to make the same provision to ascertain the north-eastern boundary.

So in the case of the Iroquois, St. Lawrence and Lake Superior. So from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods.

In 1818 the fishery boundary on the Atlantic was dealt with by treaty. This has been a burning question ever since.

Provision had again to be made for the northern boundary of the United States to the Stony Mountains, and a special agreement was reached in this year as to any "country that may be claimed by either party on the north-west coast of America westward to the Stony Mountains."

In 1827 differences regarding the north-eastern boundary were referred to the King of the Netherlands, but his award satisfied neither country.

In 1842 this boundary was settled by treaty and commissioners were appointed to mark the line between the St. Croix and the St. Lawrence Rivers.

In 1846 a treaty provided for the boundary line west of the Rockies.

This led to the dispute respecting the channel between Vancouver's Island and the Mainland. In 1871 the question was referred by treaty to the Emperor of Germany, who in 1872 decided that the "Chanal de Haro" formed the channel intended by the treaty in the words "the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island."

Undue generosity and intense friendliness marks the conduct of Great Britain throughout.

Time and again colonists have in vain deplored the spirit so constantly displayed by Great Britain to make extraordinary concessions on this continent in order to placate or secure the good-will of the United States. What has been the result? Encouraged by past successes the United States pushed her unreasonable and preposterous claims until the Behring Sea contention reached the extreme limit.

Notwithstanding these extraordinary pretensions Great Britain submitted her own clear rights on the high seas to international arbitrament

Now the century ends with a refusal on the part of the United States to submit to an international tribunal the question, in the usual way and on usual

conditions, of a boundary line which it was attempted to describe in 1825.

What is it about, and how do the nations stand upon it?

In 1825 Great Britain and Russia undertook by treaty to divide a part of the North American continent between them.

The portion of the Anglo-Russian Treaty referring to the boundary read as follows :

"Article III. The line of demarcation between the possessions of the high contracting parties, upon the coast of the continent, and the islands of America to the northwest shall be drawn in the manner following: Commencing from the southernmost point of the island called the Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of 50 degrees, 40 minutes north latitude, and between the 131st and the 133rd degree of west longitude (Meridian of Greenwich) the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel as far as the point of the continent where it strikes 56th degree of north latitude; from this last mentioned point, the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude of the said meridian; and finally from the said point of intersection, the said meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean, shall form the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America on the north west.

"Article IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article it is understood:

"1st. That the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia.

"2nd. That whenever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

We claim that the waters in the indentations on the Mainland are not ocean waters, and that the line at "the windings of the coast" should be an imaginary line across the mouths of these territorial waters. We claim that the coast whose windings should be followed is that of the close string of islands bordering on the ocean and actually separating the ocean from the Mainland. In other words, Dyea, Skagway and Pyramid Harbour belong to us.

The United States bought the Russian rights in 1867, before any delimitation of the boundary was attempted.

The greed for gold is perhaps at the bottom of all attempts between Great Britain and United States to interpret and apply the terms of that Treaty since:

"Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendships separate;
Gold does civic wars create."

Apart from this there is possibly a much more serious lion in the path, for it must not be overlooked that Charles Summer, in Congress in 1867, when introducing the proposition to purchase Alaska, suggested as a reason for getting it cheap that Russia desired to "establish forever the power of the United States and give to England a maritime rival destined to humble her pride," and he did not hesitate to say that "such a record may be made hereafter with regard to the present cession." He even went so far as to add that Sir George Simpson having stated that without the strip of the coast the interior would be useless to England was a provocation on the part of the United States to buy.

For years the Province of British Columbia and Canada have pressed for delimitation of the Treaty boundary.

We got as far as joint survey, which was agreed upon in 1892, "with a view to the ascertainment of the facts and data necessary to the permanent delimitation of the said boundary in accordance with the spirit and intent of the existing treaties in regard to it."

This survey, completed in 1895, does not attempt a delimitation.

The United States have stubbornly contended that the line prescribed by the Anglo-Russian Convention cannot be delimitated, and while attempting to hold far more territory than this convention gives them they talk about a Boundary Treaty for the future, insisting always upon a limit of the ten marine leagues being given them, to be measured from the coast and heads of inlets, such as the Lynn Canal and Portland Canal.

Much discussion has revolved around the words (the Treaty was in the French langauge)—"La crete des montagnes situées parallelement à la côte" in Article III.

The main water-shed to which the United States would apply these words, "the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast," is beyond the "ten-leagues distance" referred to in Article IV.

Great Britain contends that these words refer to the mountains nearest to the ocean, and then only when not exceeding ten marine leagues from the coast.

Touching the boundary between Prince of Wales Island and the head of Portland Canal, the United States claim that Portland Inlet is a part of the Portland Channel, and Great Britain, denying this, insists that the passage along the coast through Pearse channel to the ocean is part of Portland Canal.

The survey of the commissioners under the Convention of 1892 terminated near the peak of Mount St. Elias. From this the line of demarcation turns north and follows the 141st meridian for some 650 miles to the Arctic Ocean.

It is along this boundary that the discoveries of extensive and valuable placer gold mines have been found; and it is to this field the United States are permitted to hold the present ports of ingress and egress, Dyea and Skagway, both in British territory.

A glance at two maps, one showing the British claim, the other that of the United States, will indicate how far apart the interpreters of the treaty are.

The monstrous claims made by the United States to the sovereignty of half of Behring Sea and to the ownership of the fur-seals which roam over the Pacific Ocean, prevent surprise being entertained at their attitude in this case.

It was hoped, however, that the friendship so much on paper and which became so acute when war was on with Spain, would enable the commissioners who met at Quebec and Washington in 1898, to reach common ground and a Boundary Treaty.

When our Prime Minister returned, however, to Canada he read a formal paper touching the work of the Commission, and had to confess that after all the professions of brotherly love between the Anglo-Saxon nations "the Commissioners acting in the utmost friendship and cordiality have been unable to agree upon a satisfactory settlement."

It appeared, moreover, that not only was our neighbour unwilling to agree to a fair Boundary Treaty, but "The British Commissioners desired that the whole question should be referred on terms similar to those provided in the reference of the Venezuelan boundary line, and which, by providing an umpire, would ensure certainty and finality.

"The United States Commissioners, on the other hand, thought the local conditions in Alaska so different that some modification of the Venezuelan boundary reference should be introduced. They thought the reference should be made to six eminent jurists, three chosen by each of the high contracting parties, without providing for an umpire, they believing that finality would be secured by a majority vote of the jurists so chosen. They did not see any present prospect of agreeing to a European umpire to be selected in the manner proposed by the British Commissioners, while the British Commissioners were unwilling to agree to the selection of an American umpire in the manner suggested by the United States Commissioners. The United States Commissioners further contended that special stipulations should be made in any reference to arbitration that the existing settlements on the tide waters of the coast should in any event continue to belong to the United States. To this

contention the British Commissioners refused to agree."

Canada, however, stands firm and united. The leader of the Opposition in the Canadian Parliament during the last session, when referring to the unfortunate conclusion to this part of the international negotiations, came to the support of the position of the British representatives and said:

"My principal object, in rising to-day, is that at this critical moment in these most important negotiations, it should be understood that my right hon. friend does not represent the Government of Canada and the Liberal party of Canada, but that he represents Canada in regard to this question.

(Some hon. members—Hear, hear.)

(Sir Charles Tupper)—"And that on whatever side of the House we may sit, we are only too ready to do anything and everything in our power to strengthen the Government which he leads, in taking such a course as will preserve and secure the rights of Canada against what I consider the most unfair and unjustifiable course of the United States on this most important question."

The discussion became interesting, Sir Charles Tupper saying: "I am satisfied that we can find no parallel in any country in the world for such a course as the United States have taken, namely, that in the delimitation of the boundary under a treaty, no regard shall be had to what that treaty means, but that if it be found to hold a meaning that would deprive them of the places that they have already taken possession of without right, and that belong to Canada, these places shall not belong to Canada but to the United States of America. There was no possible course left for the British Commissioners, under such circumstances, but to absolutely repudiate recognizing any such position or any such terms. I was glad to learn some short time ago, from my right hon. friend that the commission did not adjourn to meet on the 2nd August, except under the perfect understanding that these questions must be, by diplomatic means, removed to a just settlement that will be recognized by England and Canada, and I am glad to know I am able to include Canada. It is now shown that Great Britain has not been willing, notwithstanding all these efforts on the part of the United States, to overrule the just claims of Canada; and so far as I am able to learn, so far as my right hon. friend has been good enough to keep me, as a Privy Councillor, informed of the position of the Government, I have no hesitation in saying that I have assured my right hon. friend that the course his Government were pursuing had my entire support, and that I believed they were taking the only course they could in justice to Canadian interests."

The Prime Minister speaking afterwards said:

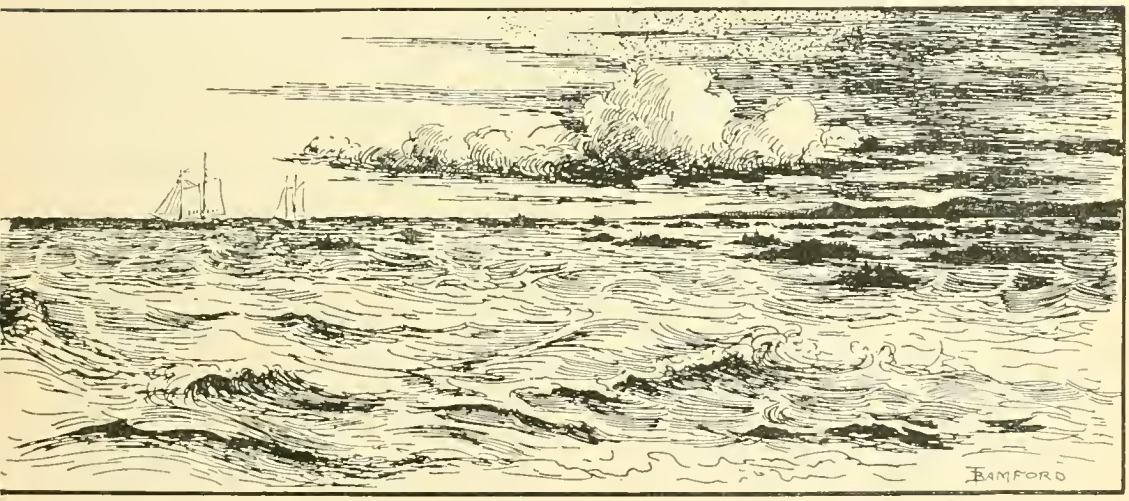
"Under such circumstances there are only three methods of settling the difficulty on fair and honourable terms; one is by a compromise, by giving and taking, Canada surrendering a little of her pretensions and the United States surrendering a little of her pretensions, but I have no hope, up to this moment, or very little hope, that we can settle the question by any compromise at all. If we have no hope that we can settle the dispute by compromise, there are only two other ways in which we can settle it. One would be by arbitration, and the other would be by war. I am sure that no one would think of war, and everybody would agree that though sometimes our patience would be sorely tried, though sometimes we might believe that our opponents were taking undue liberties with us, and undue advantage over us, still, everybody will agree that we must exhaust all peaceful means of reaching a settlement by arbitration. In the negotiations at Washington, we have not been able to come to terms of arbitration. Both parties are agreed that there should be arbitration, but who should be the arbitrators, and what would be the questions submitted for reference, are questions upon which we could not come to an understanding. The matter has been referred by the Commissioners to their respective Governments, and as we have seen from the reports in the press from day to day, the matter has been engaging the attention of Lord Salisbury and the

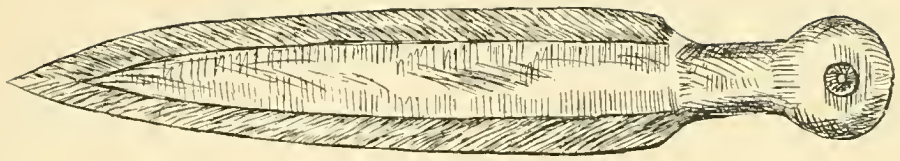
Foreign Office, and Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador at London;" and referring to Sir Charles Tupper, he finally said: "As I have said, I appreciate very fully the spirit in which my hon. friend has offered his remarks. In whatever he said in regard to our negotiations I fully concur. I maintain the position that he has expressed to-day, that we cannot give up the rights of Canada; we have to maintain them as they are: but the rights of Canada are limited by the rights of the United States in this matter."

"Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the State."

May we not hope, even under these circumstances, backed by England's might and our own good cause, to join hands eventually with our southern neighbour and continue Macaulay's lines, till we repeat together

"Then lands were fairly portioned."





NOTES OF THE PREHISTORIC RACES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THEIR MONUMENTS.

By Charles Hill-Tout, F.A.G.S., etc., etc., Western Member of the Ethnological Committee appointed by the British Association for the Survey of Canada.

THE past has a great fascination for some minds—I mean the past of mankind; and, by-the-way, how immeasurably remote has that past become in these latter days of the 19th century. It seems but yesterday that one was taught that this past went back only a few, a very few, thousand years; that the very first of our kind came into being with all the rest of created things, and the old globe itself, less than 6,000 years ago. Men of the highest intellectual attainments taught and believed this no longer than twenty-five years ago. It seems incredible now with our later and wider knowledge that men could so long have closed their eyes, as well as their minds, to the evidences of antiquity about them; yet such we know to be the case. To-day, the dullest school-boy can tell you that the globe is demonstratably millions of years old, and that man's history stretches back into the far, dim days of tens of thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands, of years ago. For we know to-day, as certainly as we know that the sun rose yesterday, that man was not only in existence thousands of years before the date we used to believe the world and all upon it first came into being, but actually inhabited, populous and wealthy cities, and possessed a civilization and culture, in some points superior even to our own, at least, two or three millenniums before that time. And of the younger sciences of this wonderful century of discoveries, to which we are indebted for this wider knowledge, there is none that has a greater claim upon our gratitude than archaeology, or the science of ancient things. Archaeology associates itself in many minds exclusively with Egypt and Assyria. The interesting discoveries that have been made there of late years have brought these Old World centres before the public eye to the partial exclusion of other places scarcely less interesting or important; and it may be a surprise to some to know that some of the most interesting, as well as the most perplexing of ancient human remains, are found, not in the Old World at all, but in the New—on this very continent of ours. In Central America, in the midst of the dense, tropical vegetation, far in the trackless forests, covered with climbing plants and half-buried beneath the accumulated mould of unnumbered centuries' formation, there lie the remains of wonderful cities, spacious ornate temples and stupendous pyramids, that vie in their solemn, silent grandeur and mystery with the ancient ruins of the Nile or the Euphrates. Who built or who inhabited them is one of the unsolved mysteries of the past. But it is not only in Central America that interesting evidences of man's past are to be found. They lie scattered up and down the whole continent, though perhaps they are not all so imposing or mysterious as those of Central America. Mexico, Peru, all the great river valleys, and even this far northwestern Province of

ours, all possess highly interesting monuments of man's forgotten past. And, confining our attention more particularly to this section of the continent, it may interest the readers of the MINING RECORD if we consider briefly some of the salient features of the archaeology of this Province, which is not without a special interest of its own.

It is barely a century ago that the first white men set foot in this Province. Our occupation of it dates back, as it were, from yesterday; yet human possession of it goes back we know for at least two millenniums before our advent here, and how far beyond it is impossible at this point to say. Who and what the earliest inhabitants were; what kind of monuments of the past they have left behind them; to what other peoples they were related, whether to the present tribes or to others who have long since passed away, are questions, it is thought, would interest the readers of this special edition of the MINING RECORD. Such questions can necessarily be but briefly treated in an article of this kind. To write all that could be written upon them would fill volumes; for the learned societies of Europe and America have of late years spent much money and time in carrying on explorations and investigations in this region, and their agents have now brought together a large body of interesting facts, some of which are here for the first time brought before the general reader's notice.

The study of man's past has revealed nothing more clearly to us than the fact of his world-wide dispersion. From every part of the globe, no matter where one goes, comes evidence of man's presence, either now, or in the past. Had we no other proof of this great antiquity we should be warranted in assuming it from this fact alone. When this continent was first discovered populous tribes occupied the whole of its broad surface from end to end, from bleak and desolate Patagonia to the frozen shores of the Arctic Ocean, and from its eastern confines to its farthest western limits. Some of them, such as the peoples of ancient Mexico and Peru were living in a comparatively high state of civilization and culture, far higher indeed than that which has up to the present succeeded it under Spanish influence. Others maintained a miserable existence in the face of adverse natural surroundings, as among the degraded Patagonians in the far south; or the presence of human foes, more hostile than nature at her cruellest, as among those wretched, solitary individuals whom the early pioneers met in their journeys across the Rockies, and who looked upon the possession of the putrifying entrails of game and other camp refuse as the highest joy of their miserable existence; while between these two extremes every degree of savagery and barbarism might be found. Indeed, one of the most interesting features of the New World is the presence within it of conditions of life which have long since passed away and been forgotten in the Old. While archaeological investigations reveal to us broken, fragmentary histories of dead and by-gone races in Europe, and our historic imaginations endeavour to recall their lives and conditions and circumstances, by a study of their relics, here in America we see before our very eyes human beings living in the simplicity, the squalor and the savagery of primitive man; or attaining to that degree of pastoral culture we believe the primitive Aryan tribes had risen to before their final separation into their present great historical divisions. We can study the conditions through which early man and our own ancestors passed in the forgotten days of long ago; and, observing them as they actually exist under primitive conditions, correct the misconception and errors that our imaginations are prone to lead us into. We read in our national histories of the ancient Britons and others living in mud and wicker huts, clothing themselves in the untanned skins of wild beasts, or staining their naked bodies with the juices of plants and herbs; living upon fish or venison and such roots and wild fruits as nature deigned to bestow upon them in her bounty; but how few of us realize what life under these conditions means.

To rightly understand the condition of most of the peoples of Europe when the Roman Legions were over-running

and subduing it we should study the conditions of the native races of this continent, as they are and as they were when we first came into contact with them. But enough of general observation, we will now deal more particularly with what we may gather of primitive man from his records and monuments as we find them in this Province. These, generally speaking, are of two kinds, tumuli and *kjockken-moeddinger*, or kitchen-middens, as they are more famcal world a few years ago until the publication by the Royal Society of a monograph of the writer's upon them; yet our tumuli have many interesting and distinctive features of their own, and the midden, from which the relics figured in the accompanying illustrations were taken, exceeds in mass and area the largest middens of classic Denmark, and abounds in interesting ethnological data. This particular midden, now known as the "Great Fraser Midden," is

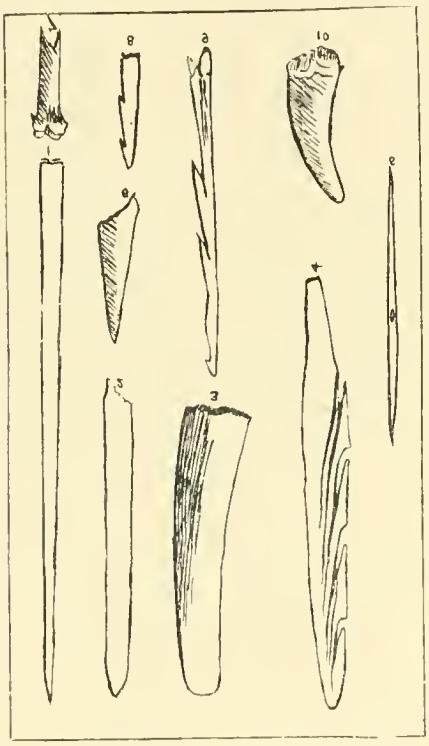


Plate I.—Bone Implements from Midden.

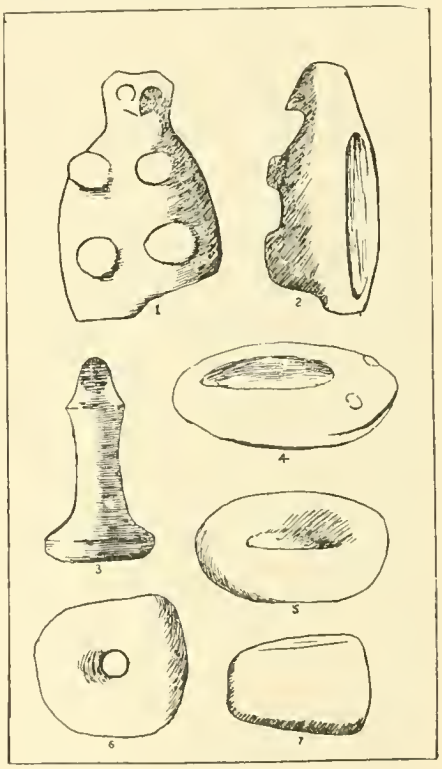


Plate II.—Stone Implements from Midden.

iliarly called. Both are found scattered up and down the whole Province, generally along the shores of gulfs and bays, or on the banks of streams and rivers. Archaeologically speaking the tumuli are intrinsically the more interesting of the two, though as a rule they are singularly poor in relics of their builders. The middens of Europe and of the Atlantic seaboard and the mounds of the great central and eastern valleys have long since become classic, but the middens and tumuli of British Columbia were practically unknown to the archaeologiupwards of 1,400 feet in length and 300 feet in breadth, and covers to an average depth of about 5 feet, and to a maximum depth of over 15 feet, an area of over $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres in extent. It is composed of the remains of marine shells, mostly of the clam and mussel kind, intermingled with ashes and other earthy matter. It is situated on the right bank of the north arm of the Fraser, a few miles up from its present mouth, and opposite the alluvial islands called Sea and Lulu Island. The existence of so extensive a midden, composed so largely of the

remains of shell fish that belong to salt water, at such an unusual distance from the nearest clam and mussel-bearing beds of to-day, was for a time a puzzle to me, when my attention was first drawn to it. I could perceive no satisfactory reason why these midden-makers should have chosen this particular site for their camping ground instead of one five or six miles farther down the bank, and nearer to the present source of supply of this staple of their larders. And upon discovery a little later of other middens still higher up the river by fifteen or sixteen miles the puzzle became proportionately greater. I found it difficult to believe that the enormous mass of shell-fish, whose remains enter so largely into the composition of these great piles, had been laboriously brought up against the stream in canoes or "packed" on the backs of the patient "klootchmans." It was too contrary to the genius of the people to suppose this. Making a brief survey of the district, a little later, the fact was disclosed that the mouth of the river was formerly some twenty miles higher up than it is at present, and, that the salt waters of the Gulf of Georgia had in by-gone days laved the base of the declivity on which the City of New Westminster now stands; and had passed on from thence and met the fresh waters of the Fraser in the neighbourhood of the little bayside village of Port Hammond. And, further, that the large islands now inhabited by ranchers, which bar in mid-stream the onrush of the annual freshets must once have had no existence at all; and even after their formation had begun must have existed for a very considerable period as tidal flats such as may be seen to-day stretching beyond the whole delta for a distance of five or six miles. That these islands were once tidal-flats is certain, from the fact that the water from the wells dug on them by the ranchers, is so brackish that the water of the muddy Fraser is preferred to it. And, further, that when in this condition they afforded shelter to shell-fish similar to those whose remains are found in the middens near by, is clearly evidenced by the fact that beds of similar shells are frequently met with, *in situ*, as I have been credibly informed, when digging for water in the interior parts of the islands. But as this discovery seemed to point to a rather remote past for the formation of these middens, I was reluctant to admit this obvious inference, until I had ascertained that the enormous stumps of cedar and fir which I found projecting from the midden—several of which have diameters of from 6 to 8 feet, and indicate by their annular rings from five to seven centuries' growth—had their roots actually in the midden mass itself; and had obviously grown there since the midden had been formed. Ascertaining this by personal excavation and realizing that three-quarters of a millennium had passed away since the middens had been abandoned, I could no longer resist the inference that they had been formed when the islands opposite and below them were tidal, shell-bearing flats.

The question now naturally arises, when and for what reasons was this ancient camping ground abandoned? Was it at a period shortly before the appearance upon them of those forest giants, whose size and approximate age I have just mentioned, or was it at a much earlier date; and was it abandoned because the particular community dwelling there had been exterminated by their enemies, or was it because the clams and mussels gave out in consequence of a sudden or a gradual rise in the level of the neighbouring flats? In seeking an answer to these queries the cause of the abandonment of so ancient a camping ground may possibly be found in this last reason. The explanation seems plausible, but the former cause suggested is more likely the truer one. The abandonment many centuries ago of so many other middens, elsewhere along our bays and inlets, where no such cause as this can be assigned—where clams and mussels still exist in great quantities, and have so existed from time immemorial, as the extensive, tree-covered midden-piles now testify—seems to call for a more comprehensive and less local explanation. This view is further supported by the anatomical evidence which these middens supply. In their lower horizons skulls have been found of a type wholly unlike the crania to be found

among the Cowichan tribes to-day. They are too decidedly dolichocephalic, or "long-headed," to be classified among any of the typical crania of this district, and suggest affinity rather with the Eskimo or Eastern tribes, than with any in this region north of California. Other striking features of these midden crania, which differentiate them further from the Lower Fraser type, are the extreme narrowness of the forehead and the lofty sweep of the cranial vault. These crania undoubtedly lend support to the hypothesis that the middens of this region, at any rate, were formed by a pre-Salishan people and not by the present Salish tribes of this region. In considering the time when the abandonment

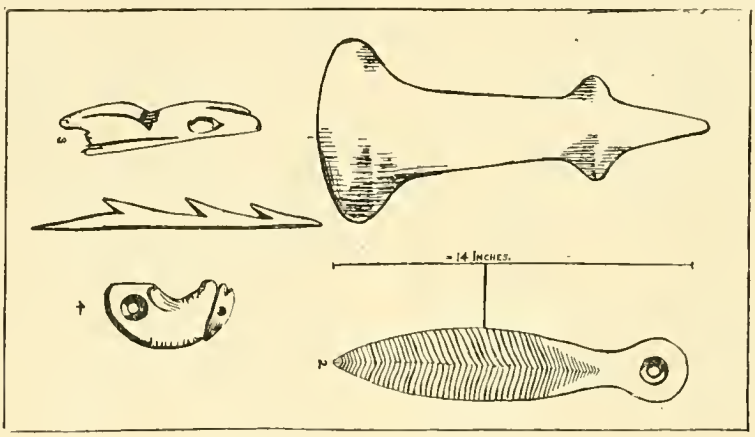
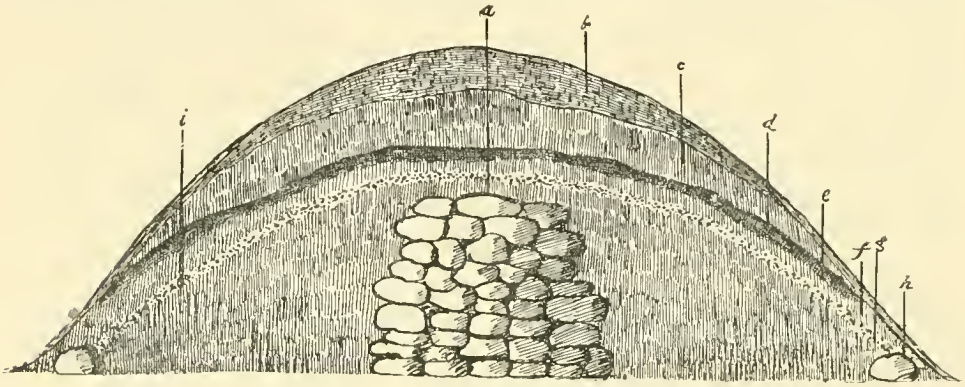


Plate III.—Bone and Stone Implements.

took place, the physical changes which have clearly taken place in the estuary since the shells which enter so largely into the composition of the middens, were gathered from the tidal flats that have since become tree-clad and cultivable islands, afford us some clue to work upon in the case of the midden under consideration. If we can arrive at an estimate of the age of the islands we shall get some idea of the period of abandonment; for there is little doubt, I think, that these Fraser middens were wholly formed before those physical changes which transformed the shell-bearing flat into an island took place. In seeking to form this estimate we are assisted in some measure by the independent, extraneous evidence of the enormous tree-stumps now found in the midden, whose size, condition and other characteristics all warrant one in saying that many of them are from 500 to 700 years old. The age of the islands, then, cannot be less than the age of the midden trees, though it may not be very considerably greater. Exactly how much older they are it seems impossible from the evidence at hand at present to say with any degree of certainty. There is nothing in their formation, as far as I have been able to ascertain, for which it is necessary to assign a greater length of time than a thousand years. They are wholly alluvial and only just above the level of the freshets and high tides and were often, before they were dyked during the annual floods, extensively inundated. And although they are in their higher parts now thickly covered with timber I have not been able to find or hear of a tree more than a few feet in diameter or of more than three or four centuries' growth at most. If, then, I am correct in estimating the period which has elapsed since the flats ceased to support shell-fish and took on the form of islands at a thousand years, something like this period has in all probability elapsed since this camping ground was abandoned by its owners on account of the extinction of their chief food supply at this point, and possibly a very much longer period if from

the more likely cause suggested. But placing the abandonment at the latest possible date consistent with the presence and condition of the tree stumps, when to this period has been added the time taken to form the midden itself we find ourselves in the possession, in this extensive pile of refuse, of a monument of the past second to none in the country in antiquity. That the accumulation of such a heap of human refuse as this midden presents, to make no mention of others almost as large, occupied a very considerable period of time there can be no doubt. It possesses many features in common with the Danish *kjoekken-moeddinger*, now so famous, which led such eminent investigators as Worsaae, Steenstrup, Lubbock and others to regard the period of formation of those well-known piles as extending, in the words of the learned author of the "Origin of the Aryans," over "many centuries at least, more probably several millenniums." We are not unjustified, therefore, in claiming a very considerable period of time for the accumulation of these similar and much larger heaps of B.C. Viewing it, therefore, from the most conservative standpoint, it may be reasonably conceded that the lower parts of this midden could hardly have been laid down later than the beginning of our own era. That particular midden-pile was slowly formed through the centuries, and was not the rapid accumulations of a large body of people, is more than probable from the fact that there are on its surface, at some distance from each other, four or five crowns or eminences—due as I have personally ascertained, not to any local elevation of the sub-soil, but wholly to an increase in the midden mass itself—which, from what we know of the mode of formation of more recent accumulations of the kind, we may reasonably infer were old family centres. From these features, as well as from many other minor ones, such as the paucity of relics, in comparison with other camping grounds where large communities are known to have once dwelt, such as at Hammond, it may be fairly concluded that this midden was the camp-site of a few families only; and when it is remembered what an enormous mass of stuff there is in it, we are bound on any reasonable hypothesis to allow a very considerable time for its accumulation. And from the fact that the midden is found to overlie the clean, coarse gravel of the drift—which shows no trace of vegetable matter; while all around the midden, outside of its own material, and all along the bank, rich, loamy, vegetable mould is found overlying the drift-gravel to a depth of nearly a foot—it is certain to my mind that there was an aboriginal settlement on this bank before the appearance of post-glacial vegetation in this district. The glacial period of this part of North America was much later than elsewhere, though exactly how long ago it was since the glaciers retreated from our glens and valleys is yet a matter of dispute among geologists. That it was comparatively recent, is pretty certain, from the fact that accurate observation by a well-known scientist disclosed the fact only recently that one of our largest glaciers up the Coast has retreated over thirty miles during the last hundred years. That the valleys of the Coast Range were under ice-caps long after the ice had retreated from the northern half of Vancouver Island is certain from the presence of later forms of vegetation there, as for example, the oak. It is well known that the oak succeeds the fir only after a long interval of time, when the soil has become fit by the decay of vegetable matter for its growth. The oak, so characteristic of the scenery around Victoria, for instance, is wholly unknown on the Mainland, and even on the Island only reaches as far north as Comox, or thereabouts. This is not strange. The southern end of the Island was under the immediate influence of the warm breezes of the Japan current, which made its presence felt there before it did on the Mainland, and long after the Island had become habitable our Mainland valleys were still wrapped in their ice-shrouds. Many of the higher ones are still sleeping under the ice, while others have not long emerged. The townsite of Vancouver and its neighbourhood was wholly covered by a huge ice-sheet in former days as those who have had to excavate, or make gardens know to their cost. In the higher

parts, the glacial clays and gravels still remain as they were laid down by the melting of the great Capilano glacier, which has left its trail behind it in the numerous and troublesome boulders that everywhere, but especially in the west end, in the line of the moraines, encumber the ground. Vegetation has been too recent in this locality for nature to have made sufficient mould to cover them up, and the forest which now covers to some extent the glacial gravels of South Vancouver had not, I believe, made its appearance when the old midden-makers on the old bank of the Fraser first made their camp there. Every feature of the midden bears unmistakable testimony of extreme age, everything taken from it, except, of course, the stones, being found in the last stage of decay; an instance of which is the condition of the shell remains. Generally speaking, the shells when taken out whole, which happens rarely, all crumble to pieces at the touch, even when they bear no marks of fire on them; and that the clam shell, at any rate, is exceedingly durable is clear from the fact that trees of many centuries' growth are found along Burrard Inlet and elsewhere growing over shell-heaps and gripping with their roots whole clam-shells, as perfect and firm as the day they were thrown out. I have shells in my possession that cannot be less than five centuries old, from the position in which they were found, but yet it would puzzle anybody to pick them out from others of the same kind from which the fish were taken only a few years ago. There are numerous other signs besides this that speak of extreme age. It rarely happens that a skull is taken out whole; it generally falls to pieces in handling, and but from the fact that certain parts of the midden have been transformed into a kind of dry concrete we should not have succeeded in taking any out whole. Then again, not a particle of wood has been found in the midden so far, unless it be the rotting rootlets of the trees that penetrate the mass to a depth of several feet. Axe and tomahawk-heads, which were undoubtedly once fastened into wooden hafts or handles, are quite common; but where they are found there is never any trace of their wooden hafts to be seen. These and sundry other unmistakable evidences all speak clearly of the great antiquity of the accumulation. I do not wish to exaggerate this; I desire only to discuss the plain facts of the case for the readers of the MINING RECORD as they appear to me; and it is not unlikely that more extensive investigations will make it necessary to extend rather than curtail the age here claimed.



Explanation of lettering in Plate IV. :

a—Central pile over body.
b—Clay.
c—Quicksand.
d—Charcoal.
e—Coarse brown sand.
f—Quicksand.
g—Dark gritty sand.
h—Outer square of boulders.
i—Quicksand.

In the accompanying illustrations are figured a few samples of the relics thus

far taken from this midden. They are as will be seen, simple in make and design, and such as are found among primitive people elsewhere. No pottery of any kind has been found in these middens; indeed, the ceramic art appears to have been wholly unknown to the aborigines of B.C. The mortars or bowls and pestles seen in the illustrations were not as is often supposed for corn-grinding purposes. They do not appear to have possessed such; no grain of any kind being known, as far as the writer has been able to discover, among the West Coast Indians north of the Columbia. Some of their tools and utensils, such as the pestle, or more properly, stone-hammer, and the sword-like in

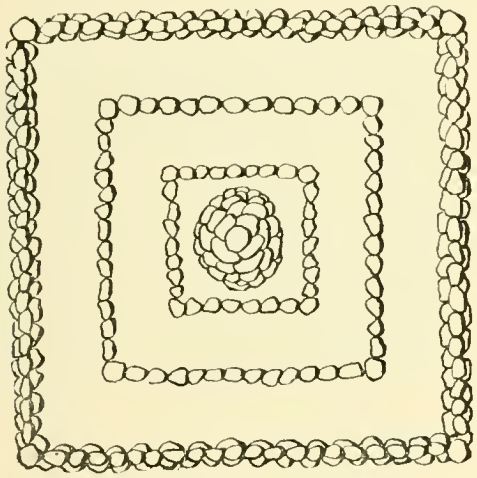


Plate V.—Plan of Mounds of Fifth Series. 36x36 feet.

strument in the illustrations, are beautifully made and polished. It appears to have been customary to fashion their bowls after the likeness of some animal. The fish-head pattern is one of the commonest. The bear pattern was also a favourite style. Occasionally they were made to represent a human head. There was one taken from the old camping grounds at Port Hammond which had a human face carved on one of its sides, the top of the head rising several inches above the rim of the receptacle. Large numbers of barbed bone spear-points are found. The stone edges, axes, knives and chisels are generally of jade, of which material I shall have something to say later, and some have been found with edges as sharp and keen as those of a steel axe. Bone needles, with the eye sometimes in the centre, at other times in the end, are quite common. A favourite weapon among these midden people seems to have been one formed from the young horn of the elk. These horns in their first growth are round and pointed, and at this stage were selected by the warriors for their "skull-crackers." The horn was apparently inserted in the end of a rod or otherwise secured to a haft. They are aptly termed skull-crackers, for three adult skulls have already been taken from this midden with circular perfora-

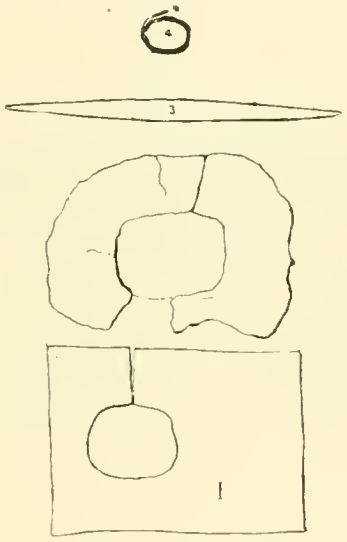


Plate VI.—Copper Instruments from Mounds.

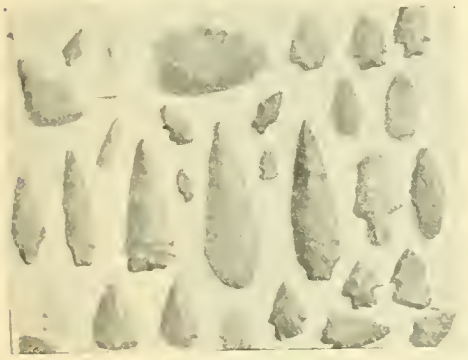
tions in their crowns, clearly made by these instruments, and as clean cut as if the piece had been taken out with a mechanic's punch.

It may now be interesting to pass from the middens and consider for a little while the tumuli, or burying grounds of this region. We cannot consider them all; we will, therefore, select a group of some of the more interesting ones. A typical cluster of these was found on the right bank of the Fraser at Hatzic and examined by the writer a few years ago. These sepulchres with their ancient mode of burial belong, like the middens, to a comparatively distant past. The Indians now dwelling in the neighbourhood know nothing of them and dis-

claim all knowledge of the people who built them; and what is more, are quite unconcerned at their being opened or disturbed. This indifference, in the face of the zealous vigilance they exercise over their own old burial ground or depositories of the dead, is the more striking. The difficulty of procuring anatomical material from any of the burial grounds of the modern tribes is a well-known fact; and this unusual indifference displayed towards these mounds by the Indians of the district is strong evidence of itself that they belong to some antecedent and forgotten people. Indeed, an aged Indian of the place informed the writer that the traditions of his people tell of their being there from the earliest times, that no one knew who made them, and that no Indian would approach them on any account. Indian traditions, one knows, are not very reliable data, but in this instance they support the evidence of the mounds themselves and may rest upon a basis of truth. Whether they are pre-Salishan or not, they were undoubtedly constructed many centuries ago, as we shall presently show.

These tumuli are interesting apart from the question of their antiquity, from the fact that they present to us, either a development from simple conceptions and ideas concerning the dead to more advanced and complex ones; or else they mark in a most interesting manner the different degrees of honour their builders were wont to pay to their dead; for they show a markedly graduated transition from interment of a body beneath a simple pile of clay, to the construction of comparatively elaborate tombs, composed of a great number of boulders arranged in precise and geometrical order, and covered with alternate layers of sand and clay of different kinds. The simplest and first of this cluster or series, and, as I am led to believe the oldest, was formed by placing the dead body on the ground somewhat below the level of its surface and then heaping over it the soil of the immediate neighbourhood, for there are shallow ditches around the base of these mounds which show that the soil of which they are formed was taken from the spot. In all these mounds throughout the whole series, whether simple or otherwise, it should be stated, one corpse only was ever interred. About this there is no doubt; and this fact of separate, individual interment is the more striking in the more elaborate tombs which must have occupied the relatives of the dead many weeks in their construction. Many of these simpler and less conspicuous mounds have doubtless been levelled by the ranchers of that neighbourhood without attracting attention; as the bones of the body in these are always found wholly decomposed, with the single exception, at times, of a bit of the lower jaw, and their matter has been so closely integrated with the soil that the fact that a body once lay there is only to be discovered by the presence of a darker shade or streak in it. Absolutely nothing but the teeth or their remains, or as stated before, tiny fragments of the lower jaw, which crumble away in the hand has been found in these clay mounds; not a vestige of tools, weapons or belongings of any kind. And it may here be stated that it is one of the singularities of these sepulchres, and a very significant fact, that not a single relic of stone, not so much as a single flake of any kind has been taken from the whole series, though the greatest care was used in seeking for them. In this, as in other respects, the interments in these mounds present, as we shall presently see, a marked contrast to those of the Salish tribes about Lytton, in which stone and bone relics are found in considerable numbers. These clay or earth mounds are of varying dimensions, some of them, evidently children's graves, being only a few feet high and a yard or two in diameter, but like the more elaborate ones are always circular in form and sometimes have a diameter of from 20 to 25 feet. Next in the series is a class of mounds, formed in part like the last, but differing from them in having a pile of boulders heaped up over and about the spot where the body originally lay. The plan of interment in this class of mounds seems to have been to place the body in the centre of the spot chosen for the grave, and then to surround and heap over it a large pile of boulders, and over these again to heap up earth to a height of from 6 to 12 feet.

The next class differs from these only in having a stratum of charcoal extending over the whole area of the mounds between the boulders and the outer covering of clay, evidently the remains of a large fire. Whether these fires were kindled for sacrificial or for some simpler ceremonial purpose it is impossible now from the evidence to say. The slaughter and cremation of slaves on the death of their owners or chief is not wholly unknown among the present tribes of B.C., but whether we see instances of this practice among these old mound-builders, or whether the fires were lighted in the belief that they comforted the shades of the departed on their journey to the nether world we may never know. The evidence of fires and the presence of charred bones is a comparatively common feature of the mounds on Vancouver Island, but no charred bones have ever been found in these Hatzic mounds. The next class of mounds differed again from the last in having a large quantity of coarse, dark sand in their central parts. It would seem that in constructing the particular graves, after piling up the boulders over the body the builders had covered them with a deep layer of quicksand—which in that district underlies the clay top-soil—and over this again had strewn a layer of this coarse, dark sand. Where they procured this latter sand from is not known. There is none like it in the neighbourhood at present. It is much coarser and darker in colour than that now found in the Fraser near by. But wherever they brought it from they were not sparing of its employment. The rancher on whose farm these tumuli are found took out from one side of one of these between 20 and 30 barrowfuls for building purposes, and when I opened it up later there was still a great quantity left in it. This mound is one of the most interesting of the group, inasmuch as it incidentally presents us with some independent, positive evidence of their antiquity. On one side of its crown the stump of a large cedar tree is seen projecting, the whole in the last stages of decay. To anyone who knows anything of the enduring nature of the cedar of British Columbia the evidence which this cedar stump offers will be very convincing. A cedar tree will lie on the ground for 1,000 years, it is estimated by timber men and others, and yet its wood will be firm and good and fit to make up into door and window-sashes. There is now, not two hundred yards from this mound, a living fir tree growing astraddle over a prostrate cedar log, the age of which from its dimensions cannot be much less than five centuries, and yet the wood of the cedar under it is still solid and firm enough for the carpenter's use. It is almost impossible to say how long the cedar of this region will endure, and if a claim of 1,000 years be made for the growth and the complete decay of this tree whose roots have crumbled and mouldered away among the bones hidden beneath them for many a long year, most British Columbians who know anything of the durability of our cedar will think that a very moderate claim indeed: and it is



Specimens of Arrow Heads,etc., from Prehistoric Burial Grounds, Lytton, B.C. Two-thirds Natural Size.



Specimens of Arrow Heads from Middens of B.C. Two-thirds Natural Size.

not at all unlikely that twice that period has elapsed since the mound was constructed. Even while I am writing this the mail has just brought me a copy of *Science*, in which it is stated that some Egyptian boats made of cedar and assigned to a period of 4,500 years ago, have recently been found buried near the banks of the Nile. Here is an interesting and independent proof of the power of this wood to withstand the ravages of time. My estimate compared with the age of these boats is a matter of the day before yesterday. This abnormality is probably without a parallel throughout this region of contorted crania. It does not appear, moreover, to conform to any of the three types of deformation known to have been practised in former times by the present race of Indians on this Coast. And what is most curious and significant about it is that it is the skull of a woman. Women, therefore, had as much honour paid to them by these mound-builders as men, which is certainly not the case among the present tribes. This fact alone would seem to

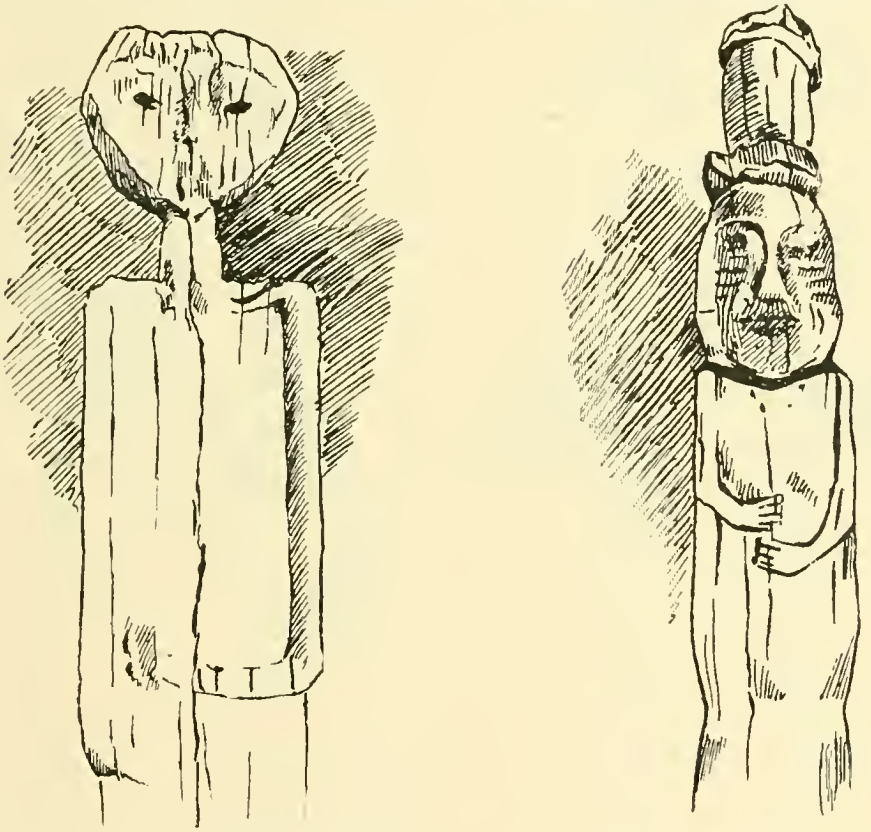


Specimens of Midden Utensils.

mound is also interesting from the fact that it is the only one that has yielded any anatomical material of importance. Whether from the large quantity of sand in it, which may have acted as a drain, or from the fact that this large tree stood over it for many centuries, or from the combination of circumstances, the human remains in this mound have been better preserved, in part, than in the others. The long bones among others, as well as the skull, were taken out almost entire, though, unfortunately, all but the skull soon crumbled away. This, happily, I was able, in part, to preserve. It is a strangely deformed skull, and in its excessive indicate a difference of race from the present tribes.

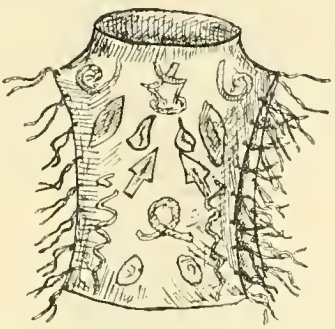
The next class differs in several essential features from those already described. The chief characteristic seen here is an outer, rectangular boundary of boulders, set side by side in the form of a square, having each of its sides facing towards one of the cardinal points of the compass like the pyramids of Mexico. This square was apparently laid off before the body was interred, which was placed in the centre and covered as before with a pile of boulders similar to those forming the square. Over these again, and between them and the outer square, a layer of quicksand

was placed; then followed a thin layer of dark, gritty sand, similar to that found in the other mound; over this again came more quicksand, followed by a layer of coarse brown sand over the whole extent of the mound, extending to and beyond the outer boulders; and on the top of this the sepulchral fire was kindled. Over the ashes of this fire, which extended over the whole mound, more quicksand was heaped, followed by the capping of clay. A section illustrative of this mound may be seen in plate IV. The base or floor of this mound must have been sunk several feet below the level of the general surface of the land. The mound when opened stood about six feet above the surrounding soil, but its height from top to bottom at the centre was nearly eleven feet, and must have been considerably higher when first constructed. The copper bracelet figured on plate VI. was taken from this mound. The copper awl, or spindle shown in the same plate III. was taken from the mound in which the skull and bones were found, and the rectangular object (1), a pair of which was recovered, and which was probably an earring, was taken from a mound of the fifth class. The ring figured on this (4) was taken from a mound of the second class, enclosed in a fold of hide, the whole wrapped up in a wad of cedar bark. These five copper objects, a fragment of a blanket woven from the hair of some animal, presumably from the colour and texture, the mountain-sheep, and a small quantity of human hair of two colours, black and brown, form the entire collection of relics taken from these mounds. The next and concluding class of the group shows a considerable advance upon the preceding ones. The plan here, as seen in plate V., is much more elaborate and complex. Instead of the outer square as in the others formed by a single line of boulders, we have three squares, one within the other, in the innermost of which, beneath the pile of boulders, lay the body; and the outer one is composed in this

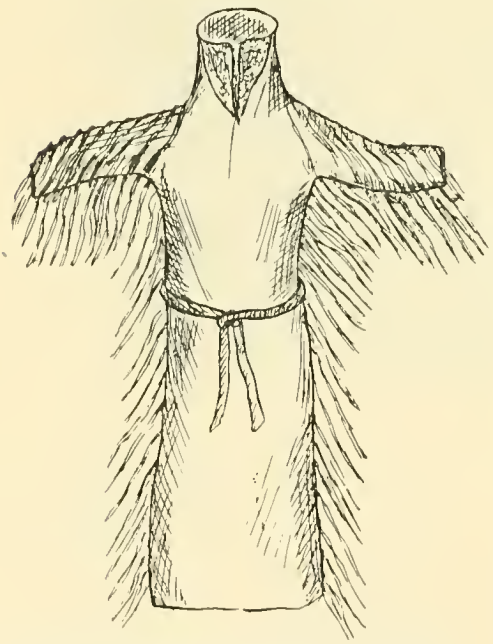


Wooden grave-posts from neighbourhood of Lytton, B.C.

instance of two parallel rows of boulders, capped and united by a third. The superficial mass of this mound, and another alongside, and apparently like it, had been too much disturbed before my attention was drawn to them to allow



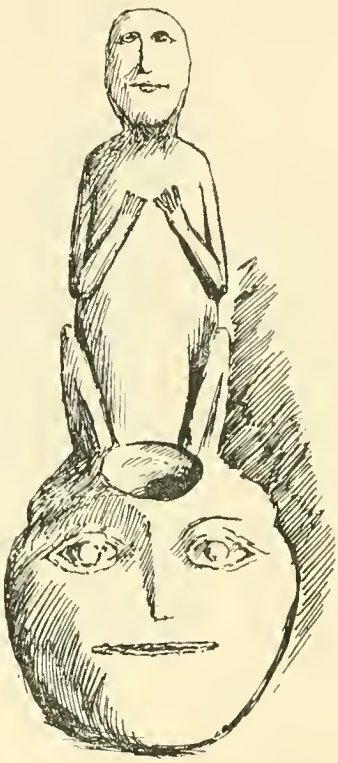
N'tlahapamuq, Warrior's shirt of the old days, after drawing by Chief Mischelle, of Lytton. Constructed from trebled Elk-hide.



Pattern of ancient dress of a chief's wife or daughter, after drawing by Chief Mischelle, of Lytton, B.C. Material soft doe-skin.

me to speak with any certainty of anything beyond their ground plan; but judging from the sandy condition of the soil on them, I should be inclined to say that they resembled those of the fourth class in their upper parts. It is interesting to note in this connection that a number of mounds have recently been opened up on the St. John's River, Florida, the chief characteristic of which seems to be the employment of different kinds of sand in distinct layers in their construction.

To give an idea of the labour involved in the construction of one of these mounds it may be stated that it took a man, with the help of a wheel-barrow



Drawing of stone figure found in the Indian burial-grounds at Kamloops, B.C. Said by the old Indians to have been used in former days in Puberty ceremonies. On the back of the sitting figure, which is supposed to represent a woman giving birth to a child, is a lizard-like animal in relief. In the forehead of the lower figure is a deep hole, which, according to my informant, held the sacred water with which the Shaman sprinkled the girl on her return from retirement in the woods. The material is a kind of granite. Figure now in the Provincial Museum.

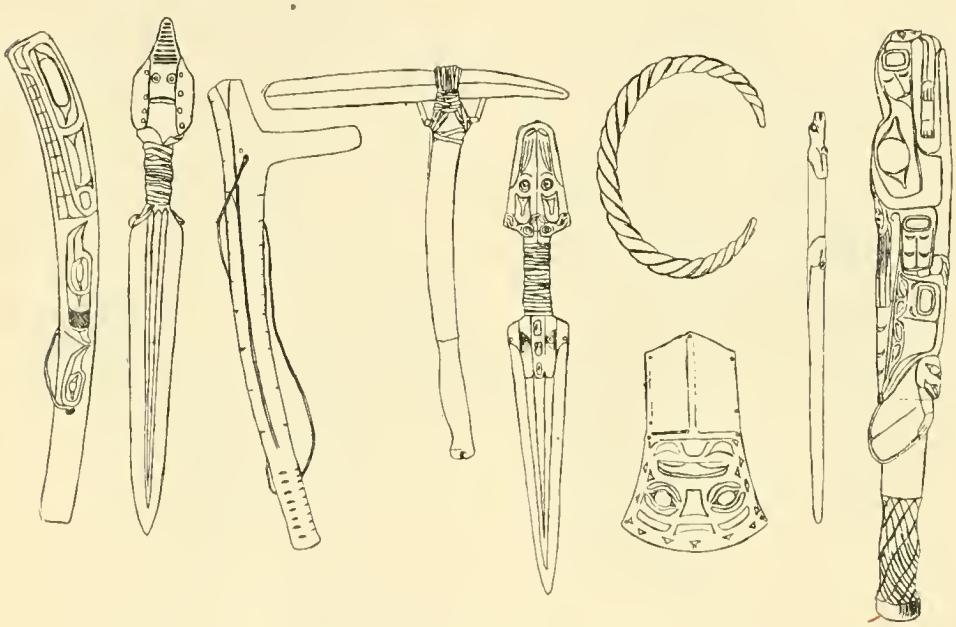
and other suitable tools, eight days to remove a few yards off the soil only from the underlying boulders of the mound whose ground plan is given in plate V. What time it must have taken the native builders to erect one of the more elaborate sepulchres with their inferior tools can easily be imagined. To

bring and place the boulders alone must have taken a long time, and many days must have been consumed in bringing such large quantities of sand in their simple receptacles and in digging the clay which caps the structure throughout its whole area, even now, after all these years of erosion, to a depth of several feet. Some of the mounds on Vancouver Island are pyramidal in form. Whether any of these Fraser ones were of that form originally cannot now be determined. Exteriorly they present the appearance of truncated cones rather than four-sided pyramids, but this may easily be due to time and elements. The boulders, it may be stated, found in these mounds, weighed from 25 lbs. up to 200 lbs each, and must have been brought from some of the mountain stream beds, no stone of any kind, not even a pebble, being found anywhere in the neighbourhood of the ranch. Other groups of tumuli, differing in some points from these of Hatzic and resembling them in others, are found in many other parts of the Province, particularly on Vancouver Island. There is a particularly interesting Mainland group near Boundary Bay. One feature in which these differ from those described, and in which they resemble many of the cairns on Vancouver Island, is the existence in them of a cist, or stone coffin, in the centre of the mound, formed by slabs of rock, in which the body was placed. Rarely are the human remains in any of these tumuli recovered entire, at best a few of the harder bones only remain. We gather from this fact, as well as from many other features of them, that these tumuli are very old and contain the remains of men and women who, whether they are allied to the present tribes or not, were very probably contemporaries of the tumuli-builders of Europe. Historic data informs us that these tumuli-builders of the Old World could not have lived later than 2,000 or 3,000 years ago; and as all the conditions of these structures, and the remains found in them, closely resemble those of B.C., where much the same climatical conditions are found as obtain in England, there is great likelihood that in many instances those of this region are as old as those of England. As already stated, the bones in our tumuli are rarely recovered and so little anatomical material of this kind has thus far been collected that no conclusive results can be reached as to their relationship to the present tribes of the Province. What little has been done in this way is too meagre to have much weight. There is, however, one striking fact which seems to suggest that these old mound-builders and the modern tribes are not related and that is that none of the tribes now found in B.C. bury, or have buried, as far as we can learn, in this way, and there are no more conservative peoples in the world when it comes to customs of this kind than the uncultivated races. The mode of sepulture followed by all the tribes inhabiting the districts wherein these tumuli are found has been from time immemorial, either tree-burial or slab-tomb burial, mainly the former. The dead body was doubled up till the knees touched the chin and thus securely bound and placed in a box or otherwise wrapped in a blanket, according to the locality, and afterwards suspended from the branches of a fir tree. There was no commoner sight a few years ago than these suspended boxes or bundles. Now, under missionary influence, the dead of the natives are invariably interred after the manner of our own dead. In other instances the remains, treated as before, would be placed in a little shed or hut built of cedar slabs, sometimes directly on the ground, and sometimes raised a few feet above it, or else, in some instances among the Coast tribes, a small island some little distance from the camping-ground, would be chosen and set apart for the reception of the dead. In no instance that has come to the writer's knowledge did they ever bury the body under the ground in this region. In the interior, among the Shuswaps and Thompsons, it was otherwise, the numerous sand-hills of that locality suggesting and offering to these tribes an easy way of disposing of their dead. From this fact, then, that the present Coast tribes never buried their dead in the ground we have strong reason for thinking that they and the old mound or tumuli-builders are not of the same race, or, if so, have been

much modified by contact with other alien races.

I said that the Shushwaps and Thompsons of the interior took advantage of the numerous sand hills in the vicinity of their camp-sites to dispose of their dead, and a few remarks on these burial places may now be interesting.

Of all the fields in the Province in which I have worked there are none so rich in relics as those of this region. During the last twenty years, or so, many hundreds of the most interesting specimens have been taken from these centres. Up to the present there is no evidence that the older prehistoric graves of this region contain the remains of a race differing from the present tribe; the later burials were apparently carried out on the same plan as the earliest that have been discovered. This briefly, consisted in doubling up the body and wrapping it in a blanket made, sometimes from the fibrous matter of the sage-bush plant, sometimes from the wool of mountain sheep or goats, then laying it in a hole in the sand and placing about the head a greater or less number of specimens of household and other utensils, weapons, tools and charms. As these were mostly of stone or bone and the sands of that region being generally dry, they have in numerous instances been preserved in as good a condition as when placed in the graves generations ago. It would take a good-sized volume to figure and describe the relics alone that have been recovered from the old prehistoric camp sites around Lytton. Beautifully-formed arrow-heads of jasper, agate, chalcedony, crystal, and a kind of obsidian, of all known shapes and sizes, from the tiny barbed point of less than half an inch in length up to points of 2 or 3 inches long; jade celts,



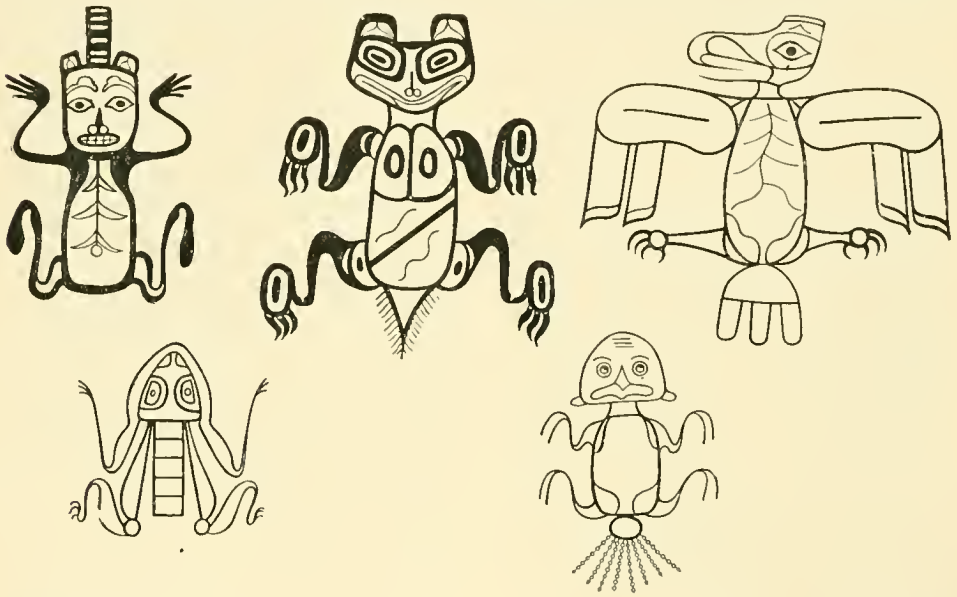
Specimens of Haida workmanship in copper, ivory and bone.

axes and knives, polished like burnished metal, figurettes, quaintly carved bone charms, pestle-hammers of a dozen different patterns, polished steatite pipes in animal forms, straight tubular pipes resembling huge cigar-holders incised with mystic lines, carved and decorated bone utensils and ornaments, stone clubs of various forms, exquisite leaf-shaped javelin points, two-edged stone swords, and a host of other objects in stone and bone, such as needles, hair-pins, awls for basket-making, horn and wooden spoons, grind-stones, skin-scrapers, perforated discs, "ceremonials," and last,

but not least, blocks of cut and partially cut jade are amongst the relics recovered here. These last are extremely interesting, for until the writer's discovery of them at Lytton, together with similar uncut boulders of the same material taken from the adjacent Fraser bed, the presence of jade tools and weapons among our tribes had given rise to many surmisings as to their place of origin. The only locality on this part of the continent where jade was known to exist up to this time in its native beds was in Alaska, but the large proportion of jade utensils among the natives of this region seemed, in the opinion of many, to suggest that the material must be found nearer than Alaska. My fortunate discovery of blocks of this material in the bed of the Fraser makes this quite certain. We know now that the Fraser is the source of this stone. It is found in the form of smooth, water-worn boulders between Lillooet and the junction of the Fraser with the Thompson. It was from these boulders that the old-time natives cut, with infinite pains and no small skill, the choicest of their stone tools and weapons. When it is stated that typical jade is several degrees harder than good steel, it will easily be understood that the ancients had no easy task to perform when they set themselves to cut out an adze, an axe, or a chisel from one of these boulders. For a long time the method of cutting these tools by the ancients was a puzzle to archaeologists, but after a time some celts were discovered, which had shallow grooves on one or both of their faces. From this it was clear that the pieces forming their tools had been ground bodily out of the block. The question then arose, how was the cutting or grinding done? It was the present writer's good fortune to be able to throw some light on this question also, by the discovery of specimens in various stages of cutting recovered from the old camp-sites about Lytton. Briefly, the cutting was performed in two ways, by grinding with narrow, bevelled grit-stones, and by cutting with a rock crystal of some kind, commonly an agate. The former methods made the grooved adzes or axes, the latter the clean-cut ones. The cutting was done on both sides of the stone, and when the cuts or grooves approached each other the piece was broken off by a sharp blow, the jagged edge being ground down smooth by rubbing on a block of sandstone. Water was used in both instances to keep the cut clean. This is clear, both from the evidence of the stones themselves as well as from the assertions of the older Indians. You will still hear it frequently stated that these cuts or grooves were effected by means of a bow and sand. The absurdity of the statement is readily seen when an attempt of the kind has been made. Imagine a wabbling bow-string cutting out a groove in the rounded surface of a slippery, polished boulder, off which the sand, the effective cutting material, would roll quicker than it could be poured upon it, water notwithstanding.

We cannot wander round the Province much further, but no description of the archaeology of B.C. could be attempted without saying a few words about the Gihangs or totem-poles of the Haida and Tsimsean, but especially of the former. Two capital specimens of these may be seen in the Provincial Museum. These structures are likewise monuments of the past, though later in time, than the tumuli and middens we have already considered. They are a kind of "Family Tree," a sculptured, genealogical record of the blood relations of their owners. No two of them are, therefore, exactly alike. Some of these poles are from 50 to 60 feet high —a few even higher. They are formed from the trunks of enormous cedar trees and are covered from top to bottom with grotesque sculptures of various marine and land animals. They stand in the forefront of the old houses, and in their base is constructed the door-way or entrance to the building. This is usually a huge hole cut out of the solid block and represents the gaping mouth of some huge monster. The sculptures are conventionalized beyond all recognition of the creatures intended by most white people, but are as readily perceived by a native as are the different letters of our alphabet by us. No two artists make the same animals alike, and yet there is always something characteristic in them which reveals to the Indian the ani-

mals portrayed. These creatures represent the different totemic relations of the individual, to the perpetuation of whose memory the pole is erected, and convey to the native mind very much the same information that a printed family pedigree does to us. Besides these Gihangs —some of which are many generations old, and all of which are now fast disappearing either by acts of vandalism, or by being carried away bodily to fill some niche in the large museums of the East, or even, in a few instances, those of Europe—the Haidas are justly renowned for their general artistic skill.



Mythological Creature. Frog. Bear. Devil-fish. Thunder-bird.

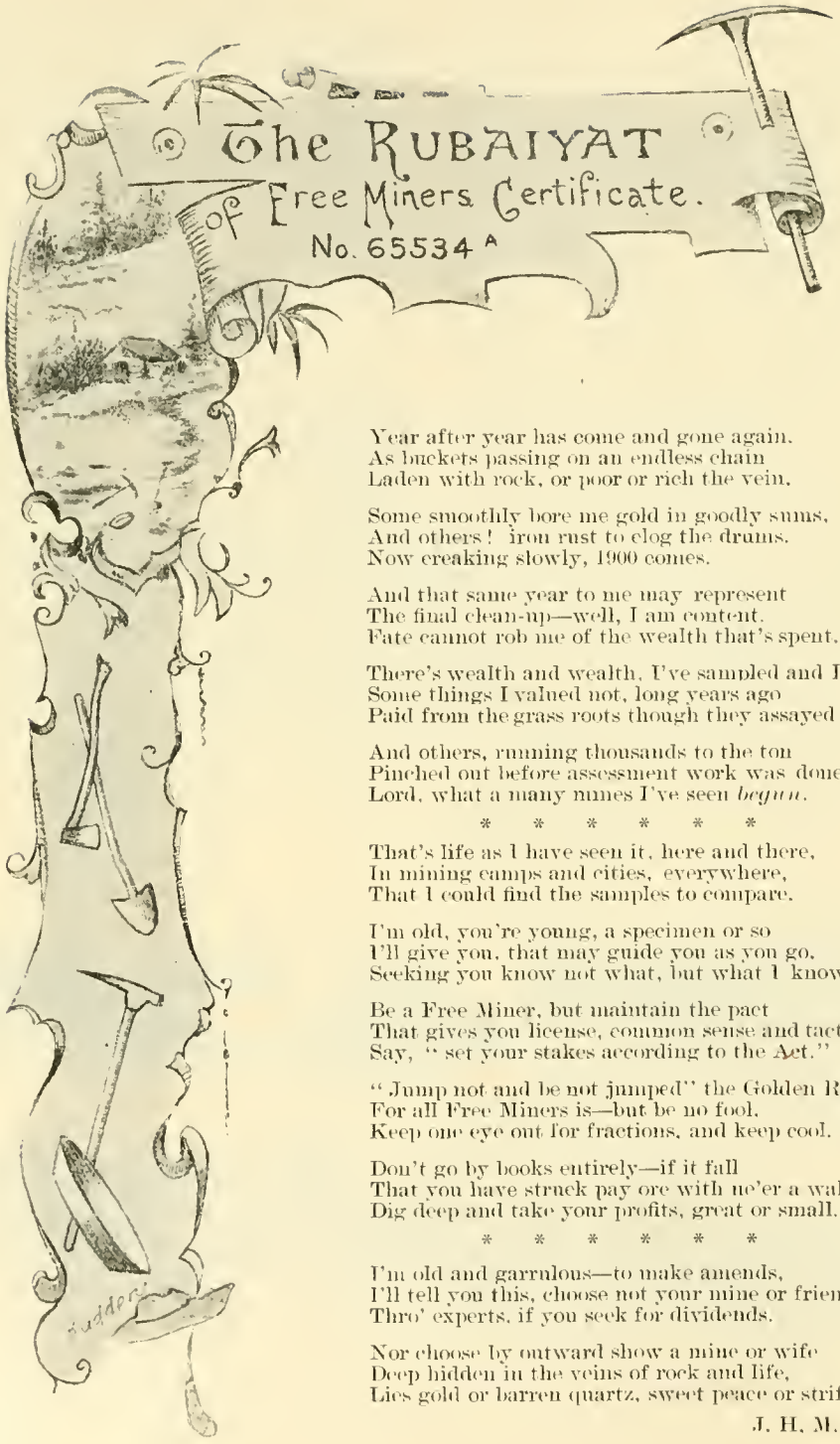
Specimens of Haida Tattooing.

Some specimens of this may be seen in the accompanying illustrations, the beauty and richness of design of which will readily be seen and appreciated. The artistic Chinese and Japanese are hardly more skilful in carving than are the Queen Charlotte Islanders, not only in wood, but also in stone and ivory and bone. Their commonest tools and utensils were formerly highly decorated with carving and sculpture. As an instance of this it may be mentioned that their baton-like fish clubs, employed for knocking a troublesome fish on the head when landed in their canoes, were frequently formed from ivory (marine, of course), and carved in the most spirited and finished style; suggesting rather the sceptre of an Oriental potentate than a mere fish-club. The Haidas were also skilled in the art of tatooing. Some of the figuring upon the bodies of the older men are extremely quaint and artistic, a few examples of which are here reproduced.

It is impossible in the limits of this short article to do more than touch upon a few of the more striking points of our subject, but it would not be possible to close our account before adding a few words upon the tribal divisions of our natives and their ethnic relations. It will probably be scarcely believed by some that the native races of this continent, North and South, number not less than 160 distinct linguistic stocks or families. This does not take into account the hundreds of dialects spoken by the different divisions of the family. In B.C. alone we have six different stocks, and some of these, like the Salish, have from 50 to 100 dialects, some of which differ from each other as widely as does English from German. This great number of linguistic families becomes the more striking and significant when we remember that in the whole of

Europe there are found at most but four distinct families; and it is one of the most perplexing problems of American linguistics to account satisfactorily for this great number of independent languages. The ethnic names by which our six Columbian stocks are known are the Haida-Tlingit in the North, Tsimseans on and about the Skeena, Kwakiutl-Nootka on the northern half of Vancouver Island and adjacent parts of the Mainland, Salish, which comprises the tribes on Vancouver and other islands south of Comox, those of the Coast as far south as the Columbia and the tribes on and about the Fraser, up to and inclusive of the Thompsons and Shushwaps, Kootenays, of the Kootenay Lakes and district, and the wide-spreading Déné, or Athabascans, who, strangely enough, are related to the fierce and blood-thirsty Apaches of New Mexico, etc. To the casual observer, all the members of these different stocks present much the same appearance, and they do undoubtedly share many traits in common, but yet, there are well-drawn lines which mark off the members of one stock from those of another quite as widely as the lines of difference mark off the several races of Europe from one another; and their diversified languages clearly show them to have had different origins. What these origins were is a problem which has exercised the mind of scholars since our discovery of this continent, and the theories which have been put forward from time to time would fill a good many volumes. Some of these are bizarre and irrational in the extreme, and some are as amusing as they are naïve. I cannot forbear quoting one of these, it is so thoroughly original and whimsical. It is that propounded by the learned Dr. Cotton Mather. He believed that the aborigines of this continent had been lured here by the arch-fiend Satan, who saw in the spread of Christianity the loss of his own hold upon mankind. He therefore seduced the ancestors of our natives to these shores, where they would be shut off and lost to the rest of the world and would be entirely beyond power of the gospel, and he would have them always for his very own. Since the learned Doctor's day some little advance has been made on more scientific lines than these towards the solution of this perplexing problem, but a discussion of this subject would take us beyond the scope of our article





Year after year has come and gone again.
As buckets passing on an endless chain
Laden with rock, or poor or rich the vein.

Some smoothly bore me gold in goodly sums,
And others! iron rust to clog the drums.
Now creaking slowly, 1900 comes.

And that same year to me may represent
The final clean-up—well, I am content.
Fate cannot rob me of the wealth that's spent.

There's wealth and wealth, I've sampled and I know,
Some things I valued not, long years ago
Paid from the grass roots though they assayed low.

And others, running thousands to the ton
Pinched out before assessment work was done.
Lord, what a many mines I've seen *begun*.

* * * * * *

That's life as I have seen it, here and there,
In mining camps and cities, everywhere,
That I could find the samples to compare.

I'm old, you're young, a specimen or so
I'll give you, that may guide you as you go,
Seeking you know not what, but what I know

Be a Free Miner, but maintain the pact
That gives you license, common sense and tact,
Say, "set your stakes according to the Act."

"Jump not and be not jumped" the Golden Rule
For all Free Miners is—but be no fool,
Keep one eye out for fractions, and keep cool.

Don't go by books entirely—if it fall
That you have struck pay ore with ne'er a wall,
Dig deep and take your profits, great or small.

* * * * * *

I'm old and garrulous—to make amends,
I'll tell you this, choose not your mine or friends
Thro' experts, if you seek for dividends.

Nor choose by outward show a mine or wife
Deep hidden in the veins of rock and life,
Lies gold or barren quartz, sweet peace or strife.

J. H. M. G.

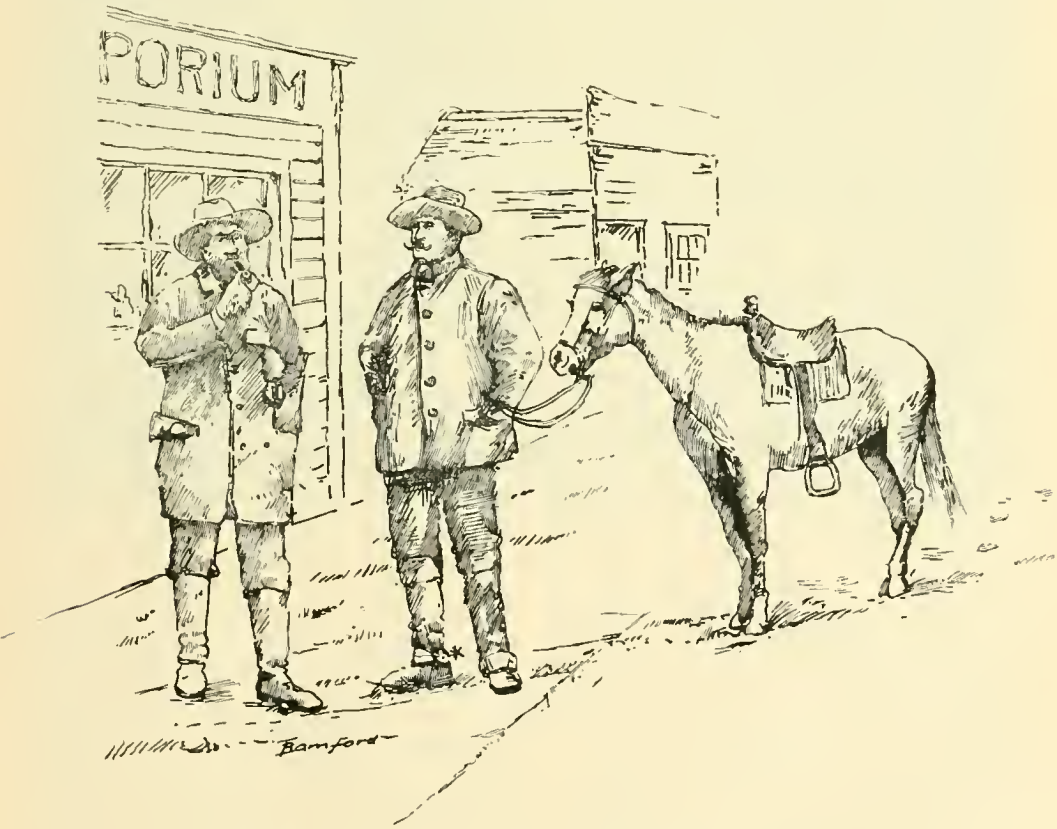
THE ASSASSINATION OF DEAF SAM'S PLUM PUDDING.

By David Falconer.

Illustrated by T. Bamford.



N the 4th of Dec., A. D. 1868, Samuel Johnson Robinson, of Barkerville, district of Caribco British Columbia, in the Pioneer Grocery Emporium of that historic town, opened his mouth and ate three 1-lb. tins of "Little Neck" clams. Upon retiring for the night the psychic properties of the clams developed to a remarkable degree. He "saw visions, and dreamed dreams"—dreams of joy and affluence that lifted him to a dizzy height—dreams of gloomy disaster that bore him down and buried him, flat, broke and shivering, in gloomy crypts, far beneath the grass-roots, and teeming with uncouth reptiles. Suddenly appearing on the surface again the homing instinct of the clams asserted itself, and he started across country, three thousand miles, on a visit to the far eastern home of himself and the clams, on the coast of Maine, in the United States of America; arriving just in time for an old-fashioned Christmas dinner of the year 1842.



"Hello, Sam, ain't you got the stuff for that thar pudden bought yet?"

On returning to Barkerville at daybreak the following morning, Sam was only able to recount to his partner a

very vague and confused outline of the trip. He knew he had met the whole family, and a number of neighbours. All were hearty and prosperous. But, most miraculous of all, he had met himself—a tow-headed sturdy boy of the usual village type, squirmingly bashful when looked at, and unable to articulate when spoken to.

Out of the confused hurly-burly, however, one picture remained, clear and distinct. It was the snap-shot view of the Christmas dinner party which he had taken immediately on entering the room. He could close his eyes at any time and see the homely gathering—his father, at the head of the table, carving a huge fat turkey, with more goodwill than epicurean nicety; his mother, smilingly, helping to cranberry sauce Mr. Ezekiel Grant, a neighbour, who flattered himself he knew his rights, and delighted to rehearse the arguments of counsel in the celebrated cause of Grant against Barker, a suit arising out of a boundary dispute, and ending three years later in the foreclosure of a mortgage on "all of that certain piece or parcel of land belonging to the said Ezekiel Grant, and known as Sunnydale Farm"—a sad result, obliging the hitherto prosperous Mr. Grant to become a free boarder at the table of his son-in-law, but in no wise lessening his faith in the righteousness of his cause, nor his ability to present its most difficult phases before a patient, if uncomprehending audience, at the local store.

Sam could, also, see in his mental picture the old prints and pictures on the walls, seasonably decorated with evergreens; the china dogs on the chimney-piece—one of them with a chip off his nose, for which his (Sam's) person had been blistered with a cow-strap; the family Bible, on a little table by itself, carefully dusted always, but opened only on Sundays, when, in the presence of his parents, he and his brother Tom were permitted to turn over its leaves and look at the pictures. How well he remembered those pictures—Elijah, in a bright red shawl and blue worsted petticoat, ascending the pale saffron mountain, while two polar bears waited patiently beside the trail in full view of the children they were there to devour. On one occasion he had asked his mother why the children did not run away, instead of walking right into the mouths of the bears, but she explained that God had made them blind so that they could not see the animals. Still seeking information he wanted to know how two bears could hold seventy-six children, but his father spoke up sharply, with a hint of the cow-strap, so he was, thereafter, obliged to form his own conclusions, which he did, figuring out, from the weight of the grindstone in the wood-shed, that the tables of stone carried down out of the mountain by Moses must have weighed twelve tons.

The effect of the dream was to fix in Sam's mind a firm resolution to have a first-class Christmas dinner in his own cabin, and he set about preparing for it without regard to cost, for at that time Barkerville was a wealthy camp, and Deaf Sam's claim one of the best on Williams Creek.

After arranging for a large turkey, two geese and a quantity of sausages—the two last-named items being purchased on general principles—Sam came face to face with the most formidable obstacle in his way. How was he to make a plum-pudding? His partner, a good judge of placer ground, a hard worker and trusty friend, took little stock in the proposed celebration. He had been for thirty years a wanderer and a dweller in the bush. He had forgotten all about his old home, and experienced not that festive thrill which seems to permeate the air, exerting its influence upon good and bad alike as the joyful season approaches, impelling the devotional to church and the unregenerate to theatres or "scenes of revelry and din." He was a man utterly destitute of sentiment or imagination, and with an extremely narrow capacity for what is popularly considered enjoyment. A good "clean up" at the end of the day, a large portion of bacon and beans, a pannikin of stout coffee, and a three-hours smoke, not too much interrupted by conversation, before turning in, filled up the half-pint measure of his desires. Therefore Sam had to go outside for advice, and, in a short time it became known all over the district that Deaf Sam Robinson was going to make a plum-pudding for Christ-

mas; furthermore, that he was having difficulty about it.

In the doorway of the Bonanza Grocery Emporium, wherein a few weeks before he had joyfully renewed his acquaintance with "Little Neck" clams, Sam stood staring at the landscape with that blank expression of countenance usually succeeding the lengthened and fruitless efforts of a slow mind. The tonnage capacity of an abnormal overcoat had been taxed to accommodate a formidable quantity of parcels, various as to size and the nature of their contents.



"A figure had appeared in the doorway—a tall, sinister looking individual."

The purchase of these parcels had occupied the entire forenoon and was not completed without sundry journeyings to and from the "Buzzard's Roost," an establishment combining the advantages of hotel, restaurant and saloon, whereat "coffee like your mother made" clamoured feebly for a popular recognition bestowed freely without the asking, on beverages less healthful if more exhilirating.

Presently a muffled figure, mounted on a shaggy cayuse, came rapidly up the main street, and dismounted, with easy adroitness, at the emporium.

"Hello, Sam, ain't you got the stuff for that thar puddin' bought yet?"

"I don't know; I ain't sure, it seems to me it wants some sage or sweet majoram, or somethin' of that kind; but how the blazes do I know what it wants? I've had the opinion of the whole town on it, an' bin settin' up enough drinks to wash a claim. Solomon says: 'In multitood of counsel there's babblins an' contentions an' redness of eyes,' and dog-goned if he ain't about right, for one blamed idiot says one thing, an' another contradicts him an' says somethin' else, and then there's a fight, an' we've bin argyin' an' fightin' an' chewin' the rag all day. Now what do you say, Jim? Let's hear what you think about it. Can't you recollect the ingreegints of a plum-puddin'?"

"Well, I dunno; I've eat my share o' many's the one back home, an' they was corkers, but what they was made of blamed if I'll ever tell you. I know there was raisins, an' allspice, an'

cider—no, not cider, that was in the mince meat: an' citron, an' ginger, an' cloves, an' cinnamon ——"

"Them's easy—I got 'em all yesterday."

"Well, let's see; there was prunes, an' orange peel, an' beef suet, an' vanillar—hev you got the vanillar?"

"Sent down the road for it last week."

"Well, it seems to me you've got pretty near the whole works. Why don't you go ahead an' put her together?"

"There's just where the trouble comes in. How do I know whether its a pound o' cinnamon to a quart o' flour an' a pint o' brandy, or if its only two quarts o' flour to three pound of suet an' a pound of allspice. Then, here's another thing, should she be riz with yeast or bakin' powder? Besides, how about eggs? Whose hens is layin' in ten feet of snow an' the mercury pretty near freein'?"

"I kin put you onto some eggs."

"Where—who's got 'em?"

"Sam Wong. Been keepin' hens warm in his wash-house all winter with hot bricks, an' feedin' 'em on raw beef an' pepper corns to make 'em lay, but you kin bet your perishin' soul he won't sell 'em for no two bits a dozen. Judge Begbie offered him a dollar a piece for all he had, but he stood bold for two and a half."

"Well, I won't be stuck if I pay two an' a half, but I can't pack the whole wash'ouse up the creek to my cabin; how can I get 'em home without freezin'?"

"Dead easy—stow 'em inside your shirt."

"So I ken. Well' let's go over an' see Joe."

In the dining-room of the Buzzard's Roost some thirty or forty miners, teamsters and gamblers were seated at the mid-day meal. The mean devices of the European Plan, now so generally in vogue, would not have been tolerated for a moment at that time and place. One long table, extending from end to end of the room, easily accommodated the guests. At its head sat the landlord, Joe Clarke, carving an immense roast of beef, while along its length, on large platters, were vegetables, pies, heaps of juicy steak, chunks of corned beef and other substantials, which were sliced and distributed by those happening to sit nearest them. The conversation was boisterous, and the wit of the company directed by common consent against the landlord, who, usually, held his own or a little more.

"They say Joe's goin' to set up free wine all day Christmas, boys—Mumm's Extry Dry," remarked a popular teamster to the company at large.

"You'll be extry dry afore you taste any of it, Shorty," replied the landlord. The crowd laughed and Shorty wilted under the laugh, for he was known to be perennially dry.

With such light pleasantry the meal passed off, and Sam, with the assistance of a neighbour, was getting into his coat when the fat, red-faced cook came bustling in from the kitchen and demanded to know whether anyone had seen "Teaf Sam."

"I'm Deaf Sam, cook; what do you want with me?"

"I hear you vos make some blum-buddings, undt you know not how she vos made. Yes?"

"Why, who told you I didn't know how to make a plum-puddin'?"

"I hear dem shpeak on all sides dot Teaf Sam blows in two hundred tollar, undt efen den he may not dot budding make. It is very true."

"Well, what have you got to say about it?"

"I say noddings at all, any more, if dot vos some lies dey tell me. Ef you can make dot budding, all right, make dot budding. Ef not lies—ef it is very true dot you cannot comprehend dot budding, come mit me in mein kitchen, I soon show you how dot budding you shall make." And the cook with quiet dignity awaited a reply.

Several of those in the room who had been assisting Sam with advice gathered around.

"Well, Sam, do you know if it's any colder in winter than it is in summer? because if you do you know more'n I do. To think of the whole crowd worryin' an' argyin' an' fightin' over your blamed puddin' instead o' comin' here to Julius an' gettin' directions for the whole business in five minutes."

"I thought of Julius long ago, but,

bein' a Dutchman, I never supposed he could make a plum-puddin'."

"Well, don't let us git into an argyment, come along an' git the specification."

And so it was that after an infinite amount of worry and expense Sam got straightened out and fully directed how to produce a successful English plum-pudding.

stantial rather than an elegant repast. The table did not glitter with silver and cut-glass, nor were the guests in evening dress. But it was "a bang up dinner," as one gentleman remarked, and it would hardly have been safe for a stranger to come along and express any other opinion.

"Well, Sam, what do you say; will we dish her up? Hello, who in blazes



"I'll fix you, Sam Robinson, same as I fixed Jim Ross."

The Christmas dinner of Samuel Johnson Robinson would, at six o'clock, be served. The invited guests to the number of twelve had arrived, in twos and threes, and with pipes in their mouths were assisting their host to get the table laid and put the finishing touches to the cookery. It was a sub-

is this?"

A figure had appeared in the doorway—a tall, sinister-looking individual, in whom the company immediately recognized a stranger who had arrived a few days before and put up at "Buzzard's Roost."

What followed is best told in the lan-

guage of Jim Bennet, one of the guests.

"The feller never said a word but hauled out a number forty-four navy revolver, an' let drive at the things that was cookin' on the stove. There wasn't no dum-dum bullets in them days, so when the feller let drive at the bean pot he only just made a clean hole through it. Then he looked hard at the crowd, but no one let on they seen him; we just kept on smokin' away an' sayin' nothin'. The next three shots fetched the coffee-pot, the sarspan o' pertaters an' a big plate o' slap-jacks that was keepin' warm on the back o' the stove. The broken plate flew in all directions, an' a stray piece cut Sam under the left eye. The coffee, of course, run out on the stove an' cracked one o' the lids, an' you must remember stoves was worth money at Williams Creek in them days. But Old Sam never winced—just sat smokin' his pipe, with a small red streak colorin' his whisker. Then the feller took another look at the crowd.

"Quiet people around here," he says. "Jest the same in the other cabins I called at—Quakers' meetin's everywhere. Do I see a murshom pipe in that old gent's mouth? Why, what sinful extravagance these hard times." Bang went the big navy revolver agin an' Deaf Sam's pipe, that no money could ha' bought from him, flew in pieces all over the cabin, except part of the mouth-piece he held in his teeth, an' went on pullin' at same as if he was enjoyin' his smoke first rate. Then the strange feller turned to the stove agin' an' the powder can with the plum-puddin' in it give a little jump an' a hitch to one side as the bullet went slap through it an stove in the side o' the tea kettle.

"Whether it was that the old man kep' track o' the shootin' an' knew the strange feller's gun was empty, an' judged there was time to jump him afore he pulled the other, or he was clean desperate at havin' his plum-puddin' spiled after all the trouble he took, I don't know; but the very minute the strange feller fired his last shot, a can o' French soup "de Bull Youg," fetched him on the bridge o' the nose an' knocked him as cold as a wedge. Then all hands was on top of him afore he could draw breath, an' we had more raw-hide an' rope around him than would hold a bear.

"'Now, boys,' says Sam, 'this feller has spiled our dinner; what will we do with him?'

"'Shoot him.'

"'Sit him on the stove an' roast him.'

"'Take him out an' string him up.'

"'There's no doubt in my mind he desarves all we can do to him an' more besides, but we're in a British country, though I'm an American citizen myself, and we've got to obey British law an' conduct ourselves like law-abidin' citizens.'

'What's your name, stranger?'

"'None o' yer d—d business.'

"'Ain't you the mizable cur that killed Jim Ross in Sacramento in '59—got him foul an' stabbed him when he didn't hev no weepon to defend himself? You'd chuck bananner skins in front of a blind man an' kick him after he was down.'

"'I'll fix you, Sam Robinson, same's I fixed Jim Ross, an' don't you forget it.'

"'No you won't, because I won't let you. Well, boys, it's no use chewin' the rag, I'm agoin' to take upon myself the dooties an' responsibilities of a policeman an' a magistrate both, so you can range yourselves in them cheers an' I'll open court. Jest hist the prisoner up on that table where we kin all see him. I'll be judge and prosecutin' attorney rolled into one, an' we won't have no attorney for the defence, because we're all unanimous an' there ain't no occasion for no defence.'

"'Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with the offence of spilin' a good Christmas dinner, more particularly a certain plum-puddin' which cost two hundred an' fifty dollars, besides a lot of worry an' anxiety o' mind in puttin' the same together an' cookin' the same. What do you say, guilty or not guilty? Of course you don't say 'not guilty,' because we seen you do it.'

"'Gentlemen of the jury, pay attention to the sentence o' the court.'

"'I judge the prisoner guilty of wilfully, treacherously, cowardly an' maliciously assassinatin' a good Christmas plum-puddin', an' more particularly a plum-puddin', bought, put together and cooked by the said plaintiff (that's me),

and I hereby sentence the said prisoner to the follerin' sentence, in like manner follerin'; that is to say, that he shall eat the said puddin' as it now lies in that powder can, stranded, sunk or burnt, and that he shall eat the puddin', the whole puddin', an' nothin' but the puddin', savin' only the can, as hereinafter provided.'

"'Jim Bennet, I appoint you sheriff, with power to add to your number, and hereby order you to proceed at once and carry out the sentence of the court, usin' all proper despatch, for the puddin' is gettin' cold.'

"Well, we put one of his own guns to his head an' started to feed him with hot puddin', an' you bet it was hot. First he shut his teeth, but the hot puddin' made him open his mouth to roar, so we got the handle of a sheath knife in an' he couldn't shut it again. You bet Sam made him take his medicine, an' when he couldn't hold another spoonful we lugged him down to the skookum house an' gave him in charge."

"What did he git? Ten solid years. He might have got off with five, but he started to sass the court—and—you've heard of Matthew Baillie Begbie?"

"They say when Judge Begbie heerd of the trial at Sam's cabin he said the man ought to be liberated an' Sam put in his place, but he laughed fit to bust just the same. I really believe he enjoyed the story as much as anybody."

"Did any more 'bad men' ever visit Barkerville?"

"Not that I ever heard of."



MAC THE IMMACULATE.

A Relic of the Rockies.

By ARTHUR SCAIFE.

Illustrated by T. Bamford.



THEY all loathed the sight of him in the London office.

Except the directors, who appraised him at his weight in gold.

His fellow clerks thought and did not scruple to say that he was "as mean as ——," but we all know how exaggerated, not to say on occasion how irreverent, are the similes indulged in by bank clerks.

Angus Donald Macpherson was his name, but they called him "Mac the Immaculate."

He never drank, he never swore, he never smoked, he never spent more than two-pence on his lunch, all of which was greatly to his credit, though it did not serve—as is ought to have done—to enhance the affection in which he was held by his colleagues.

Now the bank had been unfortunate in its management "out west," particularly at Abercrombie, British Columbia.

Though the town was still young, not having as yet celebrated its fifth birthday, it was already an important mining centre. The bank's profits ought consequently to have been large, but the bank managers—there had been three of them—one after the other had taken to drink.

As a result the profits had taken to flight and the agency didn't even pay expenses.

"We must have a teetotaller," said the directors. Not one of them was a total abstainer himself; but that didn't matter.

So they sent for "Mac the Immaculate" and offered him the post—passing over several names which stood before his on the list.

He accepted at once; his chance had come and he took it. He had neither kith nor kin (save a brother who had gone abroad when he was a boy and of whom he had never since heard) and left the same night for Liverpool.

"Always ready and prompt," said the directors.

"Just like his infernal luck," said the clerks; "hope he'll get tomahawked by a bloomin' injun."

When Brigstock, his predecessor, had gone out the year before the whole staff assembled at the station to see him off and he had started on his way west midst a mighty chorus of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

No one went to see Mac off.

And now, to the infinite sorrow of the clerks in the London office, Brigstock was a broken reed and Angus Donald Macpherson reigned in his stead at Abercrombie to their even more infinite disgust.

On arrival at Abercrombie, Macpherson instantly reduced the bank staff by half. He sized up the situation at a glance. He and one other could in local parlance "run the whole shooting match."

They could and they did, but the "one other" did not have a good time.

At the end of the first six months figures began to show on the right side of the ledger, at the end of the first year the branch stood at the head of the agencies as a dividend-payer.

The directors were delighted; they voted the manager a bonus and an in-

crease of salary, but never a word of congratulation did he get from his late colleagues, not even a post-card.

As for the "one other," he was informed by his manager that he might consider himself very fortunate that his services were not dispensed with.

In Abercrombie, Macpherson was no better loved than he had been in London, though opinions about him were far more forcibly expressed.

The Queen's English loses nothing in power by transportation over seas and strong language is quite a feature "out west."

When the hat went round for the widow and children the day after Brigstock died in hospital, Macpherson refused to subscribe anything on the bank's account though the dead man had seen seven years' service.

He gave a dollar bill on his own account; no one else had given less than five.

What they said about him that night round the hotel bars and at the club—an institution recently established but not specially select—would fill a volume, but it is none the better fitted for publication on that account.

Some of the members vowed vengeance and swore unholy oaths that they would even up on him yet.

Macpherson did not care. He had a "cinch" on the whole town, for every one owed the bank, thanks to Brigstock's management.

If he was not loved, at least he was feared, and that was more than enough for him.

He only hugged himself the closer in his little room over the bank premises as he warmed some porridge left from breakfast on his stove.

Then he buried himself in the bank's books till three in the morning.

Truly a model bank manager.

One Sunday morning as he walked home from the Presbyterian Church, at which place of worship he had constituted about a fifth of the total congregation, he saw an old man, evidently a miner from his appearance, riding down the main street on a "cayuse."

The mud in places was almost up to the pony's girths, for the spring thaw had set in and the question of street pavement had not yet monopolized municipal attention in Abercrombie.

There was only one street about 12 feet wide. The formation of the town did not allow of greater width, lying as it did in the hollow of the hills which towered almost perpendicularly thousands of feet high, on either side.

You might have built a house of fifty stories in Abercrombie, giving each storey a separate entrance on the ground floor.

As the town could not extend at the sides without running up the face of the mountain it extended at both ends and lay like a long thin snake twisting its length for the best part of a mile round the curves of the valley.

Owing to the height of the hills Abercrombie got very little sunshine even in summer. In winter it got none at all.

Down the main street came the old miner on his "cayuse." When he reached the bank door he drew rein and looked round enquiringly.

No one but Macpherson was in sight, for Abercrombie slept the sleep of the just on Sunday mornings.

"Say," said the miner, "could you tell me where I'd likely find Mr. Macpherson of the bank?"

As he spoke he threw his leg over the saddle and lighted on the wood sidewalk three feet above the level of the street.

"My name is Macpherson," said the manager. "Do you want to see me? I'll come round," and he crossed over the only crossing fifty yards lower down, joining the old man on the other side at the door of the bank.

The old man tied his "cayuse" to an iron ring in the sidewalk.

"So you say you are Mr. Macpherson; I've heard tell on you." He looked the manager up and down and then laid a hand impressively on his arm. A thin wiry little old man with a scrubby iron-grey beard and a piercing pair of eyes.

"Might your front name be Angus, Angus Donald, now?"

"Not only it might be, but it is," said Macpherson, somewhat amused at his questioner's earnestness.

"Could you prove that now?"

"Well, I don't suppose I should have much difficulty in proving it if I wanted

to. Everybody knows me here and what I am."

"Everybody ain't anybody," said the old man sententiously. "What I mean to say is, could you prove you was Angus Donald Macpherson to my satisfaction before one them lawyer chaps. I've got to tell Angus Donald Macpherson something what might be to his advantage to hear, but I don't to tell it to the wrong chap, not much. If he proves hisself to be hisself, well and good for him. If he don't, so much the better for me. Fair and square, mate, fair and square; that's what I am, but there ain't no flies on me and dont you forget it."

Macpherson was greatly interested. Evidently the old man had something of importance to tell him.

"Come inside," he said, opening the bank door with his latch key. "We can't talk in the street, Mr. ——. You did not tell me your name?"

"No you don't," said the old man. "I'm not agoing in, and you're not agoing to get the grip on what I've got to say till you prove yourself to be yourself before one of them lawyer chaps. Is there one of them handy?"

Lawyer Dickson's office was next to the bank. Dickson himself was having a Sunday shave at the window.

"Mr. Dickson," said Macpherson, tapping on the pane. "Here's an incredulous old gentleman who says he has something of importance to tell me but won't divulge what it is till I've proved that I'm myself. Will you vouch for my identity?"



"Will you vouch for my identity?"

"Is this a lawyer chap?" ask the old man.

"'Oh, yes Im a lawyer chap," laughed Dickson, through his soap lather. "Fee for consul tation five dollars.'

"Don't you fret about the fee," said the old man, "that's all right enough, my buck; fair and square is my game every time. What I want to know is whether this gentleman is what he says he is, Angus Donald Macpherson, manager of this here bank?"

"He's Angus Donald Macpherson all right," said Dickson, "I can bear witness to that."

"He's got to swear it himself," persisted the old man, "afore you get a red cent—let alone five dollars—out of me. If you're a lawyer chap you've got the Book handy. If he swears it on the

Book I'll believe him."

Dickson, highly amused at the turn things were taking and not in the least averse to making Macpherson appear ridiculous in the eyes of the "sidewalk" committee which by this time had assembled on the other side of the street, produced a small greasy Testament.

"Now, Mac," he said, handing him the book, "swear away, I'm waiting for my five dollars."

And Macpherson raising his hand, kissed the Book and swore, to the best of his knowledge and belief, so help him God, that he was himself and no other.

"That's all right," said the old man, when the ceremony was over. "Here's your five dollars, mister," offering Dickson a villainously dirty "V" through the window.

"No, hang it all," said the lawyer, drawing back, "I was only chaffing; I can't take a fee for a thing like ——"

The old man cut him short.

"Then you ain't no lawyer chap," he said promptly. "I never knew one on 'em refuse a dollar bill yet, let alone a "V." All of this 'ere business will have to be done over again," turning to Macpherson, "where shall we go now?"

But the manager was beginning to think he'd had enough of it. Sounds of unseemly mirth came from the sidewalk committee on the other side of the street and something told him that in half an hour it would be all over the town that he, "Mac the Immaculate," had stooped to swear to his own identity in the public highway at the request of an unknown miner.

This is precisely what happened and mighty were the chucklings that ensued.

"Come, Dickson, nonsense, don't be absurd," he said testily. "Take the five dollars and stop this fooling. I want to hear what the old fellow wants of me."

"Wants of you; wants of you!" screamed the old miner, raising his voice so as to be distinctly heard by the sidewalk committee on the other side of the street. "He don't want nothing of you. What he's got to say is all to the advantage of Mr. Angus Donald Macpherson. If that gentleman likes to hear it, well and good for him. If he don't so much the better for me. Fair and square is my game."

A roar of laughter came from the sidewalk committee.

The manager looked round angrily.

"Take the money quick, Dickson," he said. Dickson hesitated. He owed the bank five hundred on a note of hand and scented the possibility of renewal. Finally he took the money.

"That settles it," said the old miner with a sigh of relief. "And now, sir, we'll talk business fair and square, man to man, at your bank if you please."

Macpherson led the way into his private room, shutting the door behind him.

"Lock it," said his visitor. "This 'ere's private between you and me; I don't want no one coming in till you and me's through. And now, lookee here, Mr. Angus Donald Macpherson, afore we go any further I wants you to understand this. I ain't got anything to gain in this 'ere deal. You have, not me. See?"

Macpherson nodded.

"Now, first and foremost, what might be your father's name?"

"Donald James."

"And your mother's?"

"Jessie."

"Correct."

"How many sisters have you got?"

"I never had any sisters."

"Correct. How many brothers?"

"Only one."

"Correct. What was his name?"

"Alexander. He was called Alick for short."

"Correct. Where is he now?"

"I don't know."

"Correct. When did you last hear of him?"

"Not since he left home, when I was a mere boy. He was fifteen years older than I."

"Correct."

To the manager's infinite astonishment the old man seized him warmly by the hand and nearly shook it off.

"He's him," he cried excitedly. "This here's Alick's brother, sure enough. Mr. Macpherson, sir, you're a gentleman of eddication and a bank manager. Your brother Alick, the best hearted chap as ever tasted whiskey, he was; but me and him was pals for well nigh twenty years for all that. He's dead

now—don't take on." (Macpherson managed to control his grief.) "He's dead is Alick and gone where glory waits 'un, and what's more he's left all what he had to leave to you, sir. He was always fair and square, was Alick; he knew what's what. You're his heir and I'm his executor."

"How much did he leave," asked Macpherson, who had visions at this juncture.

"I dunno. It's in a nugget. He had a third. She ain't been assayed yet. We was a party of three, me and Jake and Alick. Jake's a half-breed."

"You haven't told me your own name yet," said Macpherson.

"I'm coming to that, Eli Jevons is my name—'Ole Eli,' the boys call me. Here's my card," and Mr. Jevons pulled out an exceedingly well-worn miner's certificate. "Well, me and Alick and Jake went prospecting last fall up Cassiar way, and a pretty rough time we had of it. We didn't come across anything much worth staking till well on towards spring, and then one day all of a sudden we had a find." The old man lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "We come across ——"

"Well," asked Macpherson, and bank manager though he was, he could not altogether disguise his excitement.

"Ole Eli" looked cautiously round; then he leant over the table and spoke in an impressively hoarse whisper.

"We found a nugget, a monster nugget." He lowered his voice still further: "Not a word, man, not a word; one-third on her's yours; one's mine and one's Jake's—fair and square. You've got Alick's share. That's what he said, and that's what's got to be. He caved in, poor chap, less nor a week afterwards; got a chill I 'spect, strong 'un though he was. It was mortal tough up there, and he panned out sudden on the Friday night. No, as I remember, it was on Saturday. 'Ole Eli,' says he, 'you've been a good pal to me this many a year,' and so I had. Mr. Macpherson, so I had, though I says it. 'Ole Eli,' says he, 'I've only got one relation in the world, as I know on, my brother little Angus Donald. I can see him now,' he says, drawing o' hisself up, 'a pretty little critter with long fair hair afalling all over his shoulders and a pink frock, the day I come away. The old man's dead and the old woman likewise, and there's only little Angus left, leastways, if he ain't dead, too. I ain't heard nothing on him all these years, 'cept as he went into a bank, but,' says he, 'Ole Eli, I tell you as I can see him now. Angus, he's my heir and he's got to have half my share of the nugget, if you can find him. I know you're fair and square, Ole Eli,' says he, 'and you'll get on his trail if he's 'bove ground. If you can't, why you must keep my share for yourself.' 'Alick,' says I, 'I'll do it or my name ain't 'Ole Eli.'"

The old man buried his face in his hands. After a moment or two he continued.

"Then he calls out, 'Ole Levi,' says he, 'give us a drink,' and I give him one. It was pretty nigh the last horn we had left, and I kinder felt it was sort o' wasted, him being that far gone. But he swallered her down all right; he never went back on his liquor, did Alick, and I took a horn myself, 'cos he never liked drinking alone, and then—well, that was the last horn we ever had together."

The old man was badly broken up. The manager gave no sign of emotion.

"When we was sure he was a goner, me and Jake planted him up there, and a mighty tough job we had of it, I can tell you, a-digging of his grave; it's all rock mostly where we was. Then we set off to find you, and lor' bless you, I didn't have no more idee where you was than you did where I was. You might have knocked me down with a feather when we struck your trail in Slokane the very day we got there. On and off Alick had told me all he knowed about his family and you mustn't take it crossways if I kinder put you through your paces same as I did just now afore I showed you my hand. When a man's a executor he's got to be pretty spry. I wasn't going to part with Alick's share to the wrong man, not if I knowed it, you bet your life."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Jevons," said Macpherson. "You are quite right and I fully appreciate your caution. But tell me," and he in turn lowered his voice, "where is the nugget?"

"We'll come to that directly," said "Ole Eli." "Meantime, you needn't

bother about the mistering business. 'Ole Eli's' good enough for me; that's what they've called me for well nigh forty years and I ain't agoing to put on any frills just because I've struck it lucky at last. We brought her down, hid in our traps to Slokane, Jake being in particular charge of her. He's spryer than me is Jake and a bit handier with his gun. I'm not so quick as I was, though I've done some shooting in my time. When we got to Slokane we thought we'd have her assayed there. We heard quite by chance, first pop, that you was running the bank up here, and dern me if that derned fool Jake didn't go and get full. There was a bit of a shindy over a game of draw and some shooting. Course Jake has to let his gun off, and, well, he was wanted in consequence by the parlice. So we skinned out across the border and made tracks for here, reckoning on seeing you till things sorter quieted down a bit. Jake's got her cached all right."

"Where?" put in Macpherson.

"In a shack what belongs to a injun, a pal of his, up the crik, nigh on six miles from here."

"Is the Indian in with you?" asked Macpherson, nervously.

"Not much, what do you take us for? He's a derned fool. Would n't know a nugget if he saw one. But he's all right; he's a pal of Jake's and there ain't no flies on Jake any more than there is on me."

"What do you propose to do now?"

"What I say to Jake is this. 'You lie cached up here and I'll go down to Abercrombie and see Mr. Macpherson and ask him to come along o' me up here so as we three can talk things over like and decide what's best to be done. Jake, he couldn't well come; he's a bit skeered over this shooting business, for we did n't rightly hear if the man he plugged got through or not, and they're getting plaguey particular now-a-days. Oh, don't you get skeered of Jake," for the manager's jaw had dropped several degrees during the above recital. "Jake's all right; mild as milk till he gets the liquor in him, then he sours quick; guess it's his injin blood. But, lor' bless you, you can lead him with a packthread when he's sober—leastways, I can. You leave him to me. You see," added "Ole Eli" impressively, "Jake's being wanted just now makes a difference. He feels like giving these parts a pretty wide berth for a while. I don't say but what we could come to a fairly comfortable settlement with him over his share on a cash basis."

"Could he be bought out for five thousand?"

"I think so," said the old man. "I think so; there, or thereabouts. Mind you, I don't say but what Jake'll take some handling. He knows a good thing when he sees it; he's cut all his eye-teeth has Jake, but I think it's to be done, on a cash basis you understand."

"I understand," said Macpherson, "and now when can we start?"

"Right away," said "Ole Eli," getting up; "soon as ever you like. I've got a "cayuse" outside; he belongs to the injin. I guess you can get a pony right enough."

It was arranged that they should meet an hour later at Thomson's Landing outside the town.

* * * * *

"It's a bit of a climb up here, ain't it," said "Ole Eli," as they clambered up the mountain trail—steep as the side of a house—"but we're nearly there. See that smoke yonder, that's the shack."

The ponies were hill bred and used to it. Macpherson wasn't, and when, two hours from the start, they reached the cabin—a rough log shanty at the mouth of an abandoned mining tunnel—every bone in his body ached as if he had been stretched on the rack.

An Indian stood at the door as they drew up their steaming ponies on the tiny clearing in front of the hut. Jake himself was inside lying on his bunk smoking. He sprang up—a tall ungainly figure with strongly marked Indian features and a distinctly evil eye—as they entered and put his hand behind him.

"Friends, all," said "Ole Eli." "This 'ere is Alick's brother, manager of the bank. He's all right; he's come to have a look at her. Trot her out, Jake."

Jake scowled, but said not a word. A nervous man might have felt uncomfortable, for the surroundings were anything but reassuring, but Macpherson knew not the meaning of fear. Cowardice was not one of his failings.

The Indian had tied up the horses and was now squatting on his haunches with his hands spread out over the glowing embers on the hearth.

Macpherson looked at him and then at "Ole Eli."

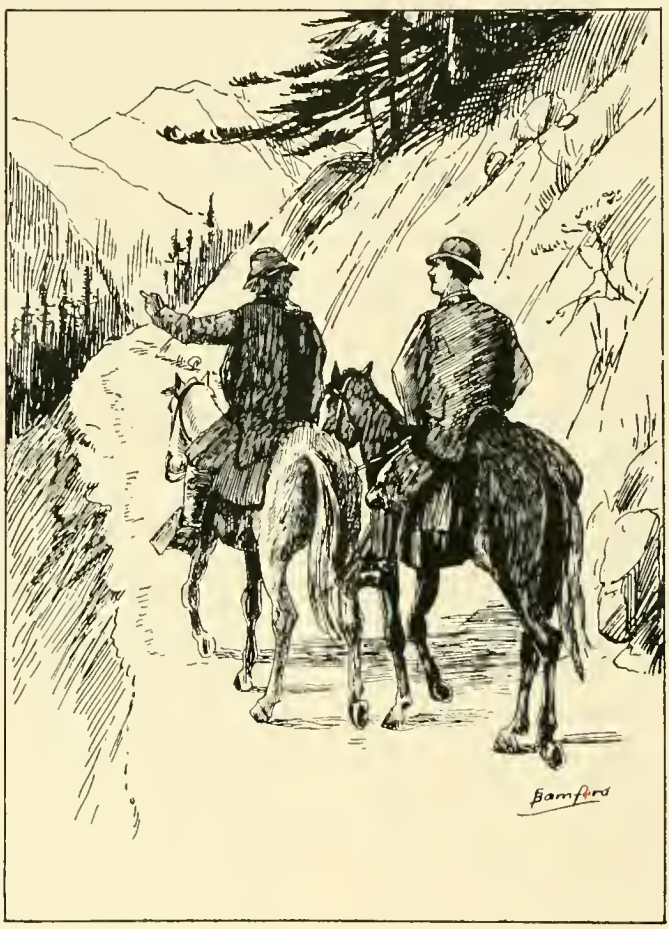
"Tell him to git, Jake," said the latter.

Jake growled out an order and the Indian went outside.

The half-breed then produced a canvas bag from under the filthy blankets on his bunk. Out came various articles of clothing, each dirtier than the other, and last of all a bundle wrapped round in a pair of dilapidated blue jean overalls.

Macpherson trembled with excitement as Jake unrolled it.

There on the bunk lay the monster nugget, beggaring "Ole Eli's" description and the manager's wildest expectations.



"Its a bit of a climb up here, ain't it?" said "Ole Eli."

"Ole Eli" seized it with both hands and gave it to Macpherson, who, unprepared for its great weight, nearly let it fall.

"There she is," said the old man. "Is she a dandy or is she not? Did I say too much about her?"

Macpherson could hardly believe his eyes. His experience told him that the value "Ole Eli" had put upon the nugget—a huge chunk of almost pure gold—was well within the mark. He calculated it was worth fully twenty-five per cent. more than the old man's estimate, and that if Jake's share could be bought for anything like five thousand dollars it would be excellent business.

Then again, where this one came from there were certainly others. He must buy out Jake and come to an arrangement with the old man. His brain fairly reeled at the prospect.

He turned the nugget round and round on the floor; it was too heavy to handle comfortably. Every look confirmed his opinion as to its value.

Jake and "Ole Eli" exchanged glances over his head.

At last he turned to the half-breed.

"Well," he said slowly, "I unstand from your partner that you are willing to sell your share. A third I believe?"

Jake nodded.

"How much do you want for it?"

Jake held up ten fingers.

"Come outside, sir," said the old man; "bring her with you if you like."

Jake made a movement as they reached the door.

"Hold on thar," said the old man, "didn't I tell you that this was Alick's

brother?" and Jake sank back on the bunk.

"See here now," said the old man when they were outside the hut, "you mustn't mind Jake. He's a bit skeered of strangers—always—and don't never talk much. I'll manage him. I told you she was worth fifteen; so she is and a derned sight more. You can see she is for yourself. She'll run into twenty-five; that's what she'll do, and," he spoke in a whisper, "there's lots more where she come from. You and me 'll go into partnership over them claims what I've staked out when we've settled with Jake, and I tell you what it is, we 'll have a pretty tidy lay-out between us."

"But how much will he take; everything depends upon that?" said Macpherson anxiously.

"See here, now," said "Ole Eli." "If you was to come up here to-morrow with five thousand in dollar bills and plumped 'em right down in front of Jake, he'd take 'em. I tell you, I knows it, and what's more I'd get him to sign a paper making over his share in them claims to you and me."

The manager had five thousand dollars in notes in his breast pocket. He had borrowed them from the bank safe on the off chance of a deal of precisely this nature. But "Ole Eli" did not know this.



"An Indian stood at the door"

"Go and offer him three," he said.

"'Taint not a particle of use; I know what I'm talking about. Five thou' he 'll take and four thou' he won't, let alone three."

"I'll give him four thousand, cash," he said, and he tapped his breast pocket significantly.

"What; you've brought the dosh?"

The manager nodded.

"Well, if that don't beat cockfighting," said the old man admiringly, and he went into the hut.

The manager promptly turned his absence to account. He took a small phial from his pocket and poured a few drops of liquid upon the nugget.

The result appeared to afford him great satisfaction, for he smiled complacently as "Ole Eli" re-appeared.

"Jest what I told you," he said. "Five thou' or nothing. I told him you had brought four with you on the chance of a deal, but he sticks to the extra thou' and says you can come up again to-morrow with it, when he'll sign any paper you like. You can talk to him yourself if you like, but I know you can't move him."

The manager thought of his mountain climb and that settled it.

"Wrap it up carefully and tie it on to my saddle," he said. "You are willing to trust me, I suppose, as regards your share?"

"Alick's brother's good enough for me," said "Ole Eli," and they went in to Jake.

The half-breed lay in the same position on his bunk, his hands behind his head, his pipe in his mouth, staring up at the ceiling, the embodiment of stolid indifference.

Taking a sheet of note paper from his pocket and a stylographic pen Macpherson hurriedly wrote a dozen lines.

"Sign this," he said, "and I'll pay you five thousand dollars."

Jake said nothing, but looked at Eli.

"Read it," said the latter.

Macpherson read it.

"That's all right," said he, "sign away, Jake."

Jake signed it "Jake Freeman," in a fairly clerkly hand for a half-breed.

He held out his right hand for the dollar bills, retaining the paper with his left.

Macpherson produced a good-sized roll of notes from his breast pocket.

"There are five thousand there," he said. "You had better count them."

Jake looked at Eli. "Count," he said. It was the first word he had spoken.

Eli slowly and deliberately counted the bills.

"Correct," he said.

Jake handed over the paper to Macpherson and put the roll of dollar bills in his pants pocket.

"We'll go now," said the manager, and they mounted their ponies.

"She" was securely tied in a sack to the manager's saddle bow and he never took his eyes off her till late that night, for they were far longer going down than they had been coming up. "She" was under lock and key in the bank safe.

"What time will we have her assayed to-morrow?" asked "Ole Eli," as they parted at the bank door.

"We can't do anything to-morrow," said the manager, "Cameron's the only assayer in town whom I would care to trust in a matter of this kind, and he's down in Spokane. He won't be back till Tuesday."

"Oh, he won't be back till Toosday, won't he?" said "Ole Eli."

"No; you had better come in some time in the afternoon to hear the result. You can then execute a deed which I will have ready for your signature. Keep your own counsel, mind."

"Very good, sir," said "Ole Eli" respectfully.

"Good-night."

"So-long."

* * * * *

Macpherson slept not a wink that night. Several times he went downstairs and re-examined the nugget, which seemed to grow in size and value each time he looked at it. He had weighed it on the bank scales and at the lowest computation could not make it worth less than twenty-five thousand dollars. His purchase therefore of Jake's third interest for five thousand was a truly magnificent stroke. Then he had a half interest in the old man's claims and goodness only knew what they might prove to be worth.

He spent about four millions in imagination.

Next day the "one other" had a worse time than usual. He had never known the manager so exacting and irritable.

Cameron, the assayer, on his return at noon on the Tuesday found a note from Macpherson asking him to bring his testing apparatus down to the bank at five o'clock as he was wanted on business of importance.

The bank closed at four. At half-

past the "one other" was told to his overwhelming astonishment that he could go. Nothing loath, away he went and the club was very shortly afterwards in receipt of information that "something was in the wind."

The manager and the assayer had the bank premises to themselves.

When the latter saw the nugget he opened his eyes.

"Great Scott!" he said, "Mac, where did you get this?"

"Never you mind," answered the manager, "I want an assay at once; so just get down to business."

Cameron examined it carefully through his glass.

"Have you made any advance yet?" he asked carelessly.

"No," replied Macpherson, "but I've been asked to."

He watched the assayer's every movement as a cat watches a mouse.

Finally Cameron took a small tool from his bag and bored deep holes in the nugget in different places.

The boring he submitted to test.

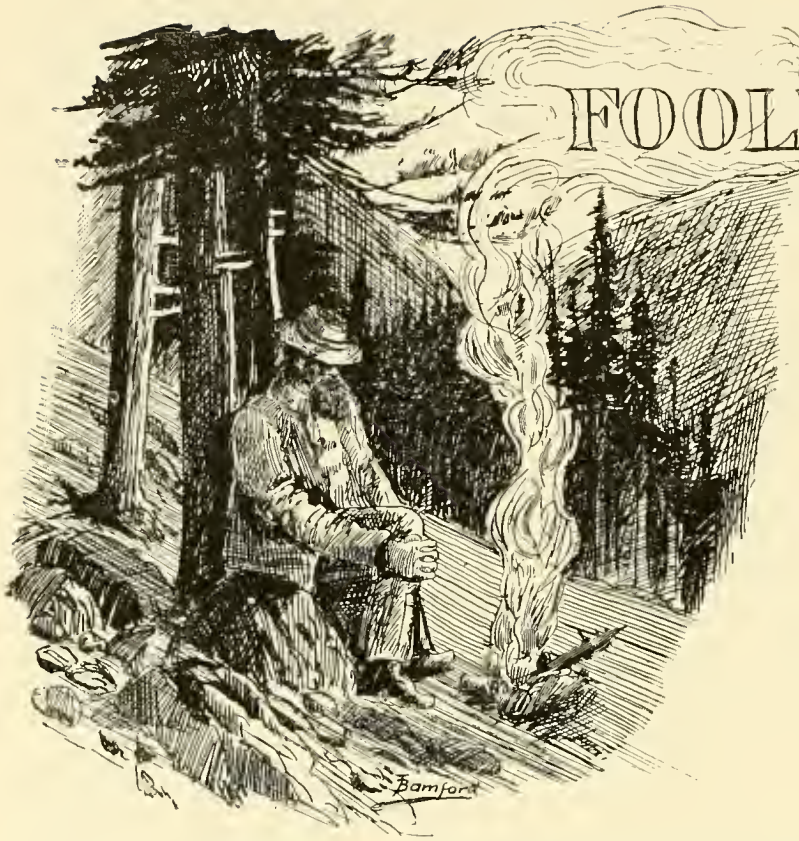
"Hum," he said after a minute or two, "'all is not gold that glitters;' I wouldn't make any advance against this if I were you. It's about the best fake I've seen. A brass nugget cast from a mould, electroplated with a coating of gold, perhaps the thirty-second of an inch thick."

The manager fell prone on the floor in a fit.

* * * * *

Of "Ole Eli" and of Jake the half-breed not a trace was ever found, and the name of the manager of the bank at Abercrombie is no longer "Mac the Immaculate."





FOOLED!

By
Clive Phillips-Wolley.

Night in the pines, in the black bull-pines
 On the height of the bleak divide,
Where the year-long gloom of the sullen North
 And the snows of the last Fall bide.

Tracks in the snow of the wandering bear;
 The hoot of a questing owl;
Sobbing of winds that have lost their way,
 From the lake—a grey wolf's howl.

Flakes that hiss in my dying fire,
 Thoughts that burn in my brain;
"Have I bartered my life for the World's desire
 To get me a bond slave's chain?"

I see the fires of a thousand camps,
 From the Rand to the Arctic Slope,
Strung over the world like a line of lamps
 On an endless road of Hope.

I hear the song of a thousand creeks
 Washing coarse gold from the hill,
The day-long beat of the pack train's feet,
 The monotonous ring of the drill.

* * * * * * * * *

The mist rolled off from the red-brown fern,
 As I rose with the dew in my hair,
Sodden and stiff with a long day's toil,
 I crept half-dead to my lair.

My body stained with the rust-red drip
 Which dropped from my master's hold,
My soul dyed red with a deeper stain—
 The stain of that devil—Gold!

My loins grew bent, my hands grew crooked,
 My eyes grew blear and dim,
Away from the light of the blessèd day
 In the holes where I followed Him.

Toiling for millions I could not use,
 While the life I might use went by;
What wonder the Devil laughs loud to-night
 As he watches his bond slave die.

"Ho! Ho!"—Is that only the questing owl?
 Or is it the thing I sought?
The Thing that promised "the world feneed in,"
 That promising all, gives nought?

The Thing that blinks in the river sand,
 That glares from the night-black shaft?
Was it the call of a hunting owl,
 Or was it a devil laughed?

* * * * * * * * *

There were brave days too, when my birch canoe
 Shot downward by streams unknown,
Where the alders budded, a rose grey fringe,
 And the great fish flashed and shone;

When I climbed from the hot lush cedar woods
 To the snows of the mountain goat—
Nature was with me in many moods—
 I had only eyes for "float."

I heard no sigh in the stately trees,
 No voice from the God above;
I asked no pleasure, I sought no ease;
 I laughed at the dear word "love."

That was for fools in the world below,
 The world I would have and hold,
With all that it knew, or *I* cared to know,
 When I'd won me the key to it—Gold!

Hog-like I rooted where wild flowers cling,
 I drilled the earth to her eore,
I found her sweet as a maid in spring,
 I left her a brazen whore.

Lurid and loud the smelter rose
 Where the giant Douglas grew,
From the murky gloom where the deer's-foot grows
 Till it towered and dreamed in the blue.

Then the men swarmed in, and the wild things went,
And the voices of birds grew still,
And the ring of the builder's tool was blent
With the miner's blasts in the hill.

Men felled God's forests, His rocks they scarred,
The silence of God they broke;
His beauty they changed to a builder's yard,
His sun they veiled with their smoke.

From the Heart of the Place came a roaring sound
Of engines men build and weld;
A throb and a beat, and a liquid heat,
And the scream of a power hard-held;

The upward leap of ravenous flames,
The ceaseless whir of the wheels;
The livid hues of the molten rock
That writhes like a thing that feels.

'Twas red, warm-red, gold-red all day;
It was red, blood-red all night.
No pale priest's prayer could fright men there,
No God's sword reach to smite.

* * * * * * * * *

Let me crawl back to the world I know,
Where the brute men strove and bled;
Give me fires of hell for your fields of snow—
It is silence and night I dread.

Thy skies, Lord Christ, are cruel clear,
Thy snows too saintly white;
I cannot bide on the mountain side—
I dare not die in the night;

The Great Assayer will rack my soul
From crucible to cupel;
I have learned the value of gold on Earth—
"Ho! Ho! You shall learn it in Hell!"



THE UNCONVENTIONALITY OF MISS CHURCHILL-FANE.

By H. Mortimer-Lamb.

Illustrated by Savannah.



I FIRST met Bob Moggridge at a naval ball in Vancouver two years ago. We were introduced; but it was that sort of introduction which, as a rule, has its beginning in a casual nod and its end—on the very next occasion of meeting—in that stereotyped and irritating stare of the "who-the-deuce-are-you" order Moggridge, however, appeared to be built after a different pattern from that of the common or garden type of being one is accustomed to meet now-a-days in polite society. He had a nice way with him, and stranger still, unaffected manners; and even when he learned that I was only a poor devil of a down-at-the-heel journalist, he did not manifest any desire, so far as I could judge, to drop my acquaintance. So Moggridge and I came to be regarded as pals, and other men, even the ultra-superior bank-clerks, who had previously ignored me as an "outsider," were graciously pleased thereafter to afford me some notice. Thus I was raised in the social scale. But while my new prestige, which I certainly owed to Moggridge, did not, perhaps, afford me any very extraordinary gratification, there were other reasons why I should value his friendship. There came a time when Providence, destiny, or whatever else you like to call it, gave me the opportunity to testify in this regard; and at the same time I was privileged to do one of the sweetest girls I have ever met a service. How this happened is now to be related.

Last spring the Adelaides, who, as everyone knows, are great swells in Victoria society—and, I may add inadvertently, distant connections of my own, though naturally they would hardly volunteer you the information—received a letter from their cousin, Mrs. Churchill-Fane, of Park Lane, London, W., intimating that her daughter Gwendoline had evinced a sudden and quite extraordinary desire—from which she was not to be moved even by the expostulations of Mr. Churchill-Fane himself—to visit British Columbia. Why this whim she could not imagine, for the season was still at it height; but would the Adelaides receive the dear child? Of course, the Adelaides were charmed, and in due time Miss Gwendoline arrived, accompanied by her maid.

As a mark of very special favour, and perhaps, too, on the strength of the said distant relationship between the Adelaides and myself, I was invited to the humbler function of an afternoon tea, whereat Miss Churchill-Fane was to receive her first introduction to Victoria's most exclusive set, as represented by the smart friends of the Adelaides. It was all very nice but very slow, and I was just sinking into the last stages of boredom when I was aroused by the touch of a light hand on my coat sleeve. The owner of the hand was a remarkably pretty little person, with very dark eyes and brown hair, and a neat figure well set-off in an equally neat dress.

"You are Mr. Elliott." She stated it as a fact.

"Oh, yes; I knew you at once," she went on, "Bob, that is, Mr. Moggridge, sent me a photograph somebody took of you when you both made the ascent of Mount Crown at Vancouver. Don't you remember?"

I assented dubiously. The photograph in question, if I recollected aright, had libelled me atrociously.

"I suppose you knew Moggridge at home?" I queried, for want of something better to say.

"Oh, yes; we are engaged," she answered.

This was news to me.

"Indeed?" I ventured to remark.

Miss Fane did not appear greatly impressed with the brilliancy of my conversational abilities. She looked at me and hesitated. "What became of him after he left Vancouver? do you know?"

Here, at least, I was sure of my ground. "Oh, yes; I can tell you that much." I answered. "Moggridge threw up his practice to join the first gold-rush to the new Atlin district. Up in the North, you know," I added vaguely

Then we were interrupted, for our hostess hurried Miss Fane off to the piano, and I seized the opportunity to slip away.

One gets accustomed to surprising things in a newspaper office, but I confess I was not a little startled the following morning to receive a message through the speaking-tube, connecting my room with the front office, to the effect that a lady desired to see me on particular business I hurried down at once. and was directed to our library. Miss Fane arose as I entered. She was noticeably nervous. "I know you will think me a very extraordinary girl, Mr. Elliott," she premised.

I demurred as in duty bound.

"Of course I must expect that; but please listen to me patiently. I don't want advice, mind; but I must have your help, and you won't refuse me that, will you?"

Who could resist such an appeal? Not I, at any rate. I promised unreservedly.

"Three years ago," she began, as if relating a story, "Bob and I became engaged to be married. He had just taken his degree and no one could have had better prospects, because, as you may have heard, his father, Mr. James Moggridge, was at that time considered a millionaire, and Bob really went in for medicine more as an occupation than for any other reason. Well, one day soon after my engagement was announced, Mr. James Moggridge's partner on the Stock Exchange, a man named Bolton, suddenly disappeared, and when the firm's affairs were gone into, it was discovered that this partner had been secretly speculating for months past. Foreseeing that detection was inevitable and that he had hopelessly involved the firm, he converted all the securities on which he could lay hands into ready money and decamped. The blow nearly killed Mr. Moggridge. Instead of being a rich man, as he had fondly believed, he found himself, after meeting all the firm's obligations, a very poor one; but what he felt more than anything else was the stigma that he imagined had been cast on the honourable and old-established name of Moggridge & Co., by the rascality of Mr. Bolton. Bob came to me as soon as he heard what had happened. Poor fellow, he was most awfully cut up. He said a penniless doctor without a practice had no business to be engaged to a girl with £5,000 a year of her own, and he begged me to release him from his engagement. I told him he must never talk such nonsense again, and that I wasn't going to give him up just because his father's partner happened to have acted dishonestly. And then we argued it all out, over and over again, and when Bob finally said he would go to Canada, I made him promise to write to me, but he was very sulky about it. I told my father that Bob had wanted to break off our engagement, and all he said was: 'Just what I expected of the young fellow, my dear. Very right and proper. Distinctly honourable of him. I am glad he showed such nice feeling and saved us from taking the initiative.' So of course, I saw it was no use to say anything more. Bob answered my letters for a long time, until last Christmas, and he told me all about you, Mr. Elliott, and what a 'good sort' you were; and after I had talked with you yesterday I felt sure I could trust you."

"But," I interrupted, a sudden light dawning upon me, "you surely did not leave England purposely to meet Moggridge again, did you?"

She clapped her hands like a pleased child and laughed. "Yes; wasn't it a splendid idea. And those stupid old Adelaides gave me just the excuse I wanted. It was an inspiration." and she smiled guilelessly.

I tried to be severe. "It was hardly ——" I began. She did not let me proceed.

"I will not be lectured, sir," she broke in, "and I am not in need of advice just at present. I was twenty-one last birthday, and you promised to help me, remember."

I certainly had committed myself and therefore must needs regard myself henceforward as an accomplice before the fact with no hope even of turning Queen's evidence.

"You promised to help me," this interesting young person continued, "and this is what you must do. Yesterday you told me that Bob was in Atlin ——"

"But ——"

"Do not interrupt me, please. Bob is in Atlin, and I am going to him and you must come with me."

I stared at the ceiling. All power of speech forsook me.

"Let me see, the 'Tees' leaves for Skagway on the 27th. I read that at any rate in the *Colonist* this morning. To-day is the 19th, so you have just one week to prepare. Please get me a cabin in the centre of the steamer, and buy the ticket for Miss Julia Smith; don't forget, and thank you so much."



"In my hand lay a dainty purse."

Yes, it certainly was the dusty office library in which I was standing, and I was certainly awake and sober, for there in my hand lay a dainty purse, containing, I found, a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of Miss Fane's proposed journey. I wandered out of the library in a very perturbed state of mind and was ascending the stairs to my own particular quarters, when I heard the editor call me.

"Can you spare me a minute, Elliott," he said.

"Of course, sir," I replied, as I entered his sanctum.

"Look here, old chap," he said kindly, "it's time you had a bit of a change, you're looking seedy. I am thinking of sending a man up to make a special report of the new Atlin placers, and the job will suit you to a T. Todd can easily take your place while you're away. Here's your pass."

"Well, I'm d—," I began.

"Eh?" he queried.

"Nothing, sir, that is—er—I am deucedly obliged to you. You're awfully good to give me the chance."

"Oh, humbug; get things shipshape before you start on the 27th, and good luck to you."

Here manifestly was the hand of fate, ruthlessly pushing me on to connive at a most outrageous crime against conventional custom. I murmured Kismet; went down to the C. P. N. office, and there I bought a ticket to Skagway and return in the name of "Miss Julia Smith."

* * * * * * *

"Yes, Miss, it *is* considerable rough naow, but thar's nothin' the matter with Atlin; it's all right, and we'll have a fine city here before long."

So this was Atlin City, and we were domiciled in the best hotel the place afforded, one owned by the British America Corporation, and which, notwithstanding its cost—in the neighbourhood of twenty thousand dollars—was yet nothing more than a huge ungainly structure, built of rough, unplaned sheeting, covered on the inside by more or less gaudy wall-paper. We had arrived that afternoon after a somewhat toilsome journey over the White Pass, —though the hardships encountered there were more than compensated for by the enchanting and exhilarating sail down the lakes. We were both very tired. Miss Fane, nevertheless gave me my cue, and after helping myself to mustard—we were discussing pork and beans at seventy-five cents *per capita*—I cleared my throat and obediently addressed our fellow-diner, whose remarks I have above quoted.

"Do you happen to know a gentleman answering to the name of Moggridge—a doctor?" I enquired.

"Guess I do," he answered; "he owns number seven below Discovery, and I heard tell he'd made a good strike. You're most liable to find him at Bill Croker's saloon; I see him thar this mornin'."

I enquired the direction of Bill Croker's saloon.

Miss Fane looked troubled. I glanced across at her and injudiciously telegraphed: "Shall we go." She nodded.

Bill Croker's saloon did not appear to be the sort of place to which one would, as a matter of choice, invite a lady. As, however, it was the middle of the afternoon, and also owing to the fact that a stampede had taken place that day to a new creek, it was strangely quiet in the vicinity, and there were no loafers about. Still I induced Miss Fane to remain outside while I went in to enquire for Moggridge. I opened the door and tried to shut it again quickly; but I was not quick enough. Miss Fane had caught a glimpse of the sight that had met my eyes, and with a set and curiously pale face she pushed past me and stood in the shadow of the door. Then I realized fully for the first time the almost criminal folly of which I had been guilty in actually assisting this rash girl to carry out her mad-cap scheme. The room was badly ventilated by one small, dirty window, but there was light enough to take in all that was going on. At a greasy table sat two men and a woman—a brazen-faced and gaudily-



"So this was Atlin City."

dressed creature. The men were playing cards—at least, one of them was, the other was too hopelessly drunk to know what he was doing. He was leaning heavily against the woman by his side, while she deliberately instructed the man across the table how to play his cards. It was after all rather a waste of time, for it would have been just as easy for the precious pair to have quietly relieved their luckless and inebriated victim of his nuggets and but for the first time in my life I regretted that I had not been born a woman. Our rooms at the hotel adjoined, and the intervening board partitions were thin; thus through the dark hours of that very ghastly night I was compelled to listen with, God knows how much pity and sympathy, to that pitiful and heart-breaking sobbing by which a woman is mercifully enabled to obtain relief for sorrows which a man must perforce bear in silence.



"Pitiful and heart-breaking sobbing."

notes, without going through the form of playing for them. But then possibly it occurred to them that the bar-keeper, who was looking on, might in that case have required a share of the booty.

The drunken man was Moggridge, but fortunately he was so hopelessly drunk that he did not recognize us.

Somehow or other I managed to get Miss Fane out of the dive. She uttered no word, and I dared not look at her; but for the first time in my life I regretted that I had not been born a woman. Our rooms at the hotel adjoined, and the intervening board partitions were thin; thus through the dark hours of that very ghastly night I was compelled to listen with, God knows how much pity and sympathy, to that pitiful and heart-breaking sobbing by which a woman is mercifully enabled to obtain relief for sorrows which a man must perforce bear in silence.

It was a lovely morning, and I felt decidedly better after my swim in the lake. At the hotel I met Moggridge. His eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks disgustingly puffy, and his whole appearance was dishevelled and anything but agreeable to look upon. I greeted him not, I fear, altogether effusively, for last night's scene was yet fresh in my mind; but he walked moodily past me, either ignorant of my presence, or

appearing to be so. In the breakfast-room was Miss Fane. She was very pale, but otherwise no traces of the past night were visible. She talked with unnatural vivacity on every conceiveable subject, only succeeding, however, in making us both more uncomfortable. It was a difficult position. Once I suggested a return to Victoria, but she adroitly changed the subject by asking permission to accompany me on a round of visits I purposed making to the various creeks with the object of obtaining material for my series of special articles. Under the circumstances she could not be better employed, so I consented at once. Three days passed by. Miss Fane seemed actually to regain some tone and colour, and I began to hope that she would recover in time from her disappointment, and presently return with me to Victoria. I even went so far as to invent several plausible tales for her to relate to the Adelaides to account for her sudden disappearance. Still I felt a good bit worried. The Victoria police are not exactly idiots, and no doubt by this time they had made the discovery that Miss Julia Smith and Miss Churchill-Fane were one and the same young lady; that, worse still, I had purchased the ticket to Skagway; *ergo*, they would conclude that we had deliberately eloped to a sort of American Gretna Green. Alas, for my future prospects, for the Adelaides had influence with my proprietor! However, I had brought the whole business on myself, and I was not going to funk the consequences. Yet I made one more attempt to induce Miss Fane to take the next boat back to Victoria. I knew of a miner's wife who, for a consideration, would act chaperone for the occasion. I put the matter delicately. But Miss Fane begged me to understand that she managed her own affairs; that while she fully appreciated the evident kindness of my motives, she had no present intention of returning to Victoria. I subsided.



"He walked moodily past."

Meanwhile, we had seen nothing of Moggridge but we had heard a good deal of him. These accounts were not, on the whole, discreditable. He was a hard worker; had slanged the Government on the score of the Alien Bill and the maladministration of the district more effectively than any other speaker at the public meetings convened for this

purpose; and last, but not least, he was reproached with not being addicted to the practice of the "Jamboree" (at least, so our informant deposed), the only occasion upon which he had been known to go on a regular "spree" was just after he made the big strike on Number Seven below Discovery, and then he did the thing handsomely, and was drunk for the matter of several days. When Miss Fane heard this latterstatement her eyes softened.

Then once again the hand of destiny appeared. News was brought to town of the sickness of Jack Taylor, who owned Number Four, on Spruce. It was either scurvy or typhoid, no one could definitely say which, but Moggridge had stopped working his claim and was doctoring and nursingthe sick man. One day I missed Miss Fane at the hotel. I was not greatly surprised thereat; and in the evening I rode out to the patient. There were two cabins on Number Four, and in one I found Moggridge lying on the floor, gaunt, unshaven, and half undressed, in a dead sleep. Miss Fane had seen me ride past. She came to the door of the other cabin, looking almost cheerful.

"I made Dr. Moggridge go and lie down," she remarked, obviously to prevent me questioning her. "Do you know he has never relaxed his watch night or day for nearly a week." At the far side of the room was the shadow of a man, moaning fretfully, and stretched on a rough raw-hide pallet.



"Her head on Moggridge's shoulder."

"How is he?" I asked.

"Who, Dr. Moggridge?"

"I meant your patient," I replied.

"The doctor is very anxious, indeed," she said gravely. "It is a very bad attack of typhoid and pneumonia, and it is difficult to get wine and the right sort of food for a sick man here, you know."

I suggested that I might assist in the nursing.

"No, thank you, she said, "some of the miners came up to help, but the doctor sent them all away. He told them that in a case of this kind, untrained assistance is worse than useless."

"But you have had no ex——." She stopped me with a glance.

"I am not a rough, stupid man," she remarked conclusively.

I made a point of visiting the little hospital regularly every evening after that, and of bringing with me from the town what articles were needful, or rather obtainable.

Just as I was preparing to make this customary journey on the third evening, the Government Agent came up to me.

"I have been asked by the authorities," he said, "to at once institute enquiries regarding the young lady who arrived here with you. Her real name is Churchill-Fane, is it not?"

He was a decent chap, and I thought it wise to take him into my confidence, up to a certain extent.

"Well," he remarked, as I mounted my horse, "that's all very fine and large. Of course, I must make my report soon; but if, as you say, things are shaping right, I will find it difficult to procure the information during the next two days. But it's a deuced unconventional prank."

"Make it a week," I suggested.

"What do you mean, sir," he laughed, "trying to tamper with the morals of a Government official?"

When I arrived at the hut, Miss Fane was applying cold-water bandages to the sick man's head and Moggridge was apparently feeling his pulse. The Doctor motioned me back as I entered. I waited, and presently I heard him say: "Poor chap; it's all over. You had better go away now, dear," and then came a sound of hysterical weeping. I rode down the creek for a bit before I went back to see if I could help Moggridge. I hoped that I had given Miss Fane sufficient time to recover herself, and to leave the cabin, but she was still there when I returned, with her head on Moggridge's shoulder, sobbing as if her heart would break, but—and strangely incongruous it seemed in that room of death—there was also a proud and happy smile on her face.

"Little woman," Moggridge was saying—(they were both, naturally enough, unnerved, remember); "darling, for heaven's sake don't cry like that; we did our best and ——"

"But it isn't that, Bob; it isn't that!"

Then I fled, silently and swiftly, regretting that I had already overheard more than was intended for my ears.

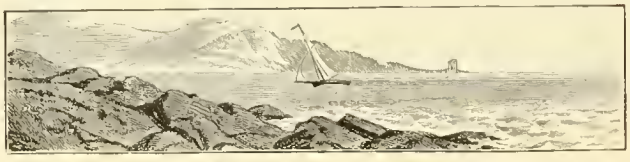
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We stood on the quarter-deck of the "Tees," watching the grand and ever-changing panorama of coast scenery, Dr. and Mrs. Moggridge and I.

"Well, but what will the Adelaides say to you, madame?" queried Moggridge.

"Oh, bother the Adelaides," replied his wife.

But she didn't for long, because when she arrived in Victoria, Victoria society was, very properly, scandalized.



CAPTURED SINGLE HANDED.

By F. G. Farron.—Illustrated by T. Bamford.

OLD Geordie Cavanagh was drunk, very drunk, and the village loafers were having their usual time "joshing" him. Geordie had a small pre-emption not far from "3X" ranche and managed to pick out a living and a little over through it, for he had no hired assistance on the farm; and his daughter, a pretty little thing, ministered to his domestic wants, while the boys around the ranchers had left, but others having received their mail, were discussing the papers and wondering if the grasshoppers would leave a blade of grass in the valley.

A large number of passengers had arrived that day and Geordie had consequently enjoyed himself. Every arrival meant a drink, every departure two or three, so, as I have said, Geordie Cavanagh was drunk, and as was customary with him when in that condition, very



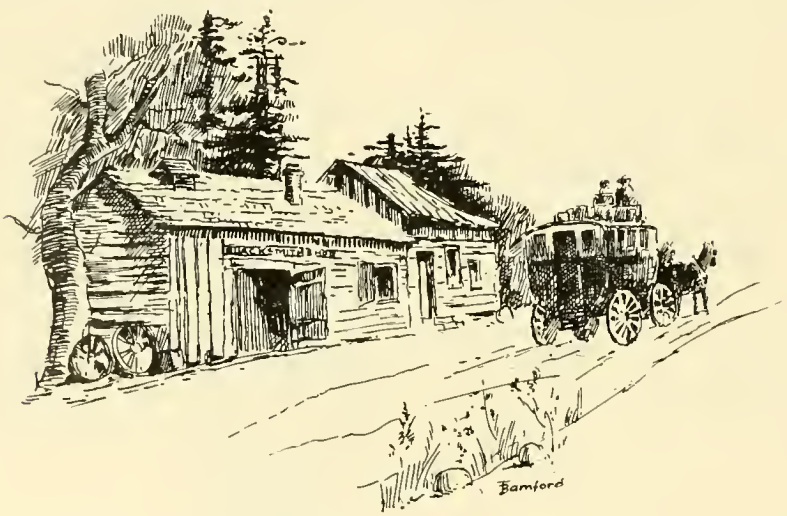
"He managed to pick out a living."

big ranches branded his few cattle at the round-ups.

The stage passed through Quilchena from Spence's Bridge every Friday, and Geordie came for his mail every other trip. This was the other trip. Quilchena consisted of an hotel, a store, a town-hall, a few corrals and stables and a blacksmith shop. The stage had passed through some hours before. Most of the talkative. Some time in the dim past he had been a special policeman on election day and the party employing him had won. Since then Geordie thoroughly believed himself a heaven-sent politician, and every time he got tipsy he would explain how by his influence the victory was achieved.

Geordie's name, put there by somebody else, was on every petition that

went through that part of the country. He had often begged the members by petition to introduce a free trade measure, and as frequently prayed the Governor-General to veto it should it go through. For "Sabbath Observance" he was an "old stand-by," on temperance and prohibition petitions, for closing country saloons on Sundays and for closing them always, "George Cavanagh" might have been stereotyped, while as "For doing away with the brand in marking cattle" his was the only name obtained in the valley. His mail, too, was a large one. When things were slow in Quilchena, as they usually were, it was the customary thing on the part of the more facetiously inclined resi-



"The stage passed through every Friday."

dents to answer in Geordie's name patent medicine advertisements for the cure of afflicted humanity—bald-headed men, fat people who wished to get thin, thin ones who wished to get fat, and the like. Hence his mail was always large. He had samples of nearly every cure-all on earth, and his house was filled with self-measurement blanks.

He had luncheon at the hotel and was sitting outside in a very befuddled condition. There was a card game going on inside and Geordie, of course was "in on the drinks," whence the necessity of keeping at least partly awake. Somebody had just got stuck, and the noise of the moving chairs and the crowd filing from the back room into the bar wakened him fully. He had his own, and during a discussion over the game, lowned his neighbour's drink; then bidding them all good-bye staggered over to the store, where he had left his mail. Now, Geordie was an old man. Though it was only fifty yards across the road it was a long fifty for Geordie, but persevering he got there, and lurching into the store looked about for his mail. The proprietor and postmaster was out, so Geordie walked over to the counter where the mail was lying and grabbed the largest bunch. Carefully closing one eye, he tried hard to make out the addresses. He saw, or thought he saw, "George Cavanagh, Esq., Quilchena, B.C." He was sure about the "Esq.," and sure about the "Quilchena," and as he said to himself, he was the only "Esq." in Quilchena, the letters must be for him. Out of the store he went, around the corner and up the road homeward bound. His ranche was only a couple of miles away; half of the distance lay through some brush over an old Hudson's Bay trail. The wind was blowing down the valley half a gale, and dead against Geordie. He was taking a zigzag course, and from a distance, with his white coat distended he looked like a fishing boat beating to windward. Though the sun was low, and most of the road in the shelter of the mountains,

the dry alkaline ground was hot and dusty. The sun was sinking lower and lower, the shadows crept across the fields, beyond the ripples of the lake grew bright and dark again, and the mountains on the far side shone in the last rays of the setting sun.

Geordie trudged up the road, muttering to himself as he went. His "load" was a bigger one than usual and was getting heavy. He wished, with all his heart, he was safely at home. As he turned off the road and up the trail he was tired and sleepy. Used to going to bed at sundown he could hardly keep his eyes open, while his standing powers were sadly weakened before leaving the hotel. The trail was crossed by a small creek about a half mile from the road, and to cross it without getting wet was a feat for an old man at any time, and to-day Geordie was handicapped. He sat down and looked at the small narrow log across the water, and wondered how on earth he was going to walk it. Oh, if somebody would only lift the lower end of the hill up and spill the creek out, or if the valley were but turned around so that he might be on the other side, or—or—if—his thoughts grew more and more muddled, the rippling of the creek fainter and fainter, the bottle he carried from the hotel slipped from his hand, and leaning back against a stump, Geordie slept.



"Geordie slept."

* * * * *

The stage had been held up again by the same old lone-handed rustler. This day luckily for the company, they had despatched two stages, one with the mail and passengers, the other with the supplies and wages for the Stump Lake mines. About two miles from Quilchena as the stage came over the hill, just where the trail branches off to Douglas Lake, the horses shied. The driver, old Murphy, knew what was up in a minute, and almost before he was hailed pulled up. Sure enough, there was the highwayman. A short, cut-off shot gun, pointed, so it seemed to the startled passengers, at each one of them.

"Out with the stuff, Murph," came from under the flour-sack mask. "Dump it quick so you can make Morton's on time."

"They didn't ship to-day," said Murphy. "No stuff here. Only mail." He thought it best to say nothing about the other stage.

"I guess I'll see for myself." And making the passengers get out the desperado "lined them up," and pointing his gun at one young fellow's head, made him search the other passengers. Jewellery was returned, but all money was quickly transferred to the highwayman's pockets.

"Now Murphy, out with the mine money and registered mail."

"No mine money here I tell you," growled Murphy. "Look for yourself."

"No," said the highwayman, who seemed quite at his ease and well acquainted with his business, "I'll send my agent," and he made the young man climb into the stage and throw out the mail. The registered mail he knew at a glance, for he grabbed it at once and let the other sacks lie on the ground. "Now gee up, and gents, don't look back."

Murphy gee'd up, and the gents didn't look back.

* * * * *

Upon the arrival of the stage at Kamloops the story of this latest robbery

created a profound sensation. Though very little money had been taken, the appalling frequency of these robberies rendered extraordinary measures necessary. The large rewards already offered for the bandit's capture were doubled. Posses were organized and started to scour the country, almost before the horses had been taken out of the stage.

Now, there were two young Englishmen in the town at the time, just out from home, good-natured, strapping young fellows, but woefully green as to the ways of the country. They had been working up-country, but coming to town with their wages, and receiving a small remittance, had promptly proceeded to enjoy themselves as far as the limited capacity of the town permitted. But here was a chance of a more exciting experience. Why not capture the robber and earn the reward? The conception was a grand one, and they speedily proceeded to carry it into effect.

They came upon Geordie just as he was awakening from his slumbers, and he rose up with two rifles levelled at his head. Geordie wondered was it a bad dream, but before he could make up his mind, he was bound and thrown over a horse, with his ankles tied to the cinch. The young fellows were jubilant. There was the robber with the stolen mail in his possession addressed to the most prominent rancher in the valley. His captors promptly gathered up the letters as evidence, finding also just off the trail the registered bag, cut open. The evidence was complete; they had the robber and theirs would be the reward. Hooray! and they took a drink out of Geordie's bottle.

The Kamloops posse had reached Quilchena and were coming back up the road with several of the cowboys of that place, Ned, the hotel-keeper, at their head, when the Englishmen with their captive caught sight of them.

"For Heaven's sake, Sheldon," exclaimed one, "take this fellow away and hide him, or these men will claim the reward. Wait till I go and explain to the sheriff that we made the capture."

The explanation evidently took some time, and meanwhile Geordie resumed his slumbers. This was Sheldon's opportunity to satisfy his curiosity as to what was going forward. So tying the horse on which the unfortunate, though unconscious prisoner peacefully reposed, securely to a tree, he made his way cautiously to the road. Sheldon, however, had hardly got out of sight, before a man sprang out of the bush. It was the genuine highwayman! The man ran towards Sheldon's horse, and intent upon escape, began hastily to cut loose Geordie's bonds. Poor Geordie, being thus rudely aroused, and for the second time, gave a wild whoop and lurching suddenly forward, fell heavily on the top of his rescuer.

The posse hearing the yell, rushed up, to find the two men on the ground locked in each other's arms.

"Where's your robber?" asked Ned, the hotel man.

"There," pointing to Geordie, who occupied the uppermost position in the picturesque and recumbent group of combined rascality and alcoholism. "Quick, get him; he's trying to escape."

Geordie was raised with more energy and less respect than should be properly accorded to the venerable grey hairs of the father of a promising family. But, so fast was the grip of the inebriated one upon his prostrate foe that the latter was lifted, too, and, being "up-ended" in the process, there gushed from his greasy pockets a torrent of Her Britannic Majesty's registered mail; mingled with which was a mask of dirty sacking. In the limp hand (for Geordie was no feather-weight and the man was half-stunned) was a murderous-looking "bowie" knife.

"Bandit, you chuckle-headed tenderfeet," Ned bawled, "this here's old Geordie Cavanagh, who never robbed anyone but himself and family. But, by the holy poker, he's caught our man, this cove down here. Geordie's caught him, and, by thunder, Geordie gets the reward."

And Geordie got it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA BEFORE CONFEDERATION.

Some Odds and Ends of Early History (1776 to 1864).

By E. O. S. Scholefield, Provincial Librarian.

WHILE the annals of British Columbia are generally free from those exciting stories of stirring incidents that usually live in the traditions of nations, yet the history of our Province will be found by no means devoid of interest, and is often fascinating. Little or nothing is known of this portion of the coast of western North America previous to the year 1776, when that great circumnavigator, Captain Cook, visited and explored its shores. At that time the country was divided among savage tribes of Indians, who from time immemorial had held undisputed sway over the land. The ascendancy of the Indians, however, has long since waned and they are now fast disappearing from our midst.

DISCOVERY AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC.

Much romantic interest attaches to the history of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean in the 16th century. Spain was then in the very zenith of her fame as a mighty maritime nation. But the lustre of her glory was about to be dimmed and later totally eclipsed by England's rising naval power, which in after years was destined to astonish and awe the world.

The Spaniards were undoubtedly the pioneers of discovery on the Pacific Coast and their explorations were the result of endeavours to reach India by a western route. Vague accounts, too, of the wealth of China and Japan had come to the ears of these hardy adventurers, and they determined to monopolize the commerce in the gold, silks, spices and precious stones that rumour had it were produced in fabulous quantities by these countries.

Stories of Spanish successes on the Pacific Coast reached the shores of England and incited the sturdy seamen of that nation to visit these waters and take a hand in the game there being played. Expeditions under well-known commanders were fitted out and despatched to the Pacific, more it must be confessed in the hope of reaping a rich reward by pillaging Spanish settlements than with any peaceful intention of exploration and discovery. These grim old privateers harried the Spanish Main, striking terror into the hearts of their enemies. Their names have been handed down in many a legend of blood and fire. But the narrative of their adventures is too well known to be repeated here even though space permitted.

The Pacific Ocean was discovered by Vasco Numez de Balboa in the year 1513. From that date the work of exploration and discovery was continued at intervals. In 1532 the Spaniards fitted out an expedition under the command of Grizalva and Becerra, which succeeded in sighting the peninsula of Lower California. In 1535 the famous Cortez took possession of this peninsula in the name of His Catholic Majesty. A little later Spanish settlements were established on the coasts of Mexico and from one of these an expedition was despatched in 1542 to explore the coast to the north. It is claimed that this expedition reached the vicinity of the 43rd parallel and discovered Cape Blanco, named by Captain Vancouver at a later date, Cape Orford. In virtue of a Papal bull, conferring on Ferdinand and Isabella "all the new world to the westward of a meridian drawn a hundred leagues west of the Azores," Spain claimed possession of the territory thus explored. The remaining portion was assigned to Portugal by Pope Alexander VI. But when England renounced allegiance to the Roman See she ignored the validity of any title thus conferred "by donation by the Bishop of Rome," and maintained the right of British subjects to settle in any country not in the actual occupation of another Christian nation.

This policy having been officially de-

clared by Queen Elizabeth, Sir Francis Drake, with the sanction of the authorities, started on his historic voyage to the Pacific with the object of harassing the Spanish fleet, which had hitherto held undisturbed control over the western coast of America. In 1577 this heroic buccaneer, who was the first Englishman to navigate the Straits of Magellan, sailed from Plymouth on his adventurous quest.

Drake, after hardships and losses which would have broken the spirit of a man less brave and determined, reached the Pacific and sailing north discovered California, which he named New Albion. His voyage, however, was not primarily one of discovery, but made rather with the object of plundering the richly laden galleons of Spain returning with spoils gathered from the ancient cities of South America, whose inhabitants were treated with such refined cruelty by their Iberian conquerors. It is, therefore, unlikely that this daring Englishman, whose romantic adventures will always live in the annals of British seamanship, paid very much attention to objects of less practical concern. His sole aim was to return safely with his plunder. With this end in view, rather than run the gauntlet of the Spaniards to the south, whom he well knew were burning to revenge the indignities suffered at his hands, Drake decided to return by way of the northwest passage, in the existence of which he, in common with the mariners of his age, had a firm belief Eventually he was forced to abandon his attempt and return by way of the Phillipines and the Cape of Good Hope, thus compieting the first voyage round the world.



Hudson's Bay Company's Steamer Beaver.
The Beaver arrived at Astoria on April 4th, 1836.

The precise parallel of latitude reached by Drake on his northward voyage has been the subject of much discussion, more particularly in connection with the Oregon boundary. The chaplain of the

expedition specifies that "the height of forty-eight degrees" was attained. It is impossible, however, to ascertain at this late date the exact spot arrived at by Drake; but it is altogether probable that to him belongs the distinction of having been the first to lay claim to the land between the 43rd and 48th parallels of north latitude.

While reviewing the early history of the Pacific Coast, it would be improper, even in such a cursory resumé as the present, to pass without notice the story of the first reputed navigation of the channel separating the Mainland of British Columbia from the Island of Vancouver. It has been asserted that this voyage was accomplished by a Greek named Apostolos Valerianos, better known now as Juan de Fuca. In an exciting narrative published in 1625 by one Michael Lock it is set forth that this Greek, having been commissioned by the Spanish Governor of Mexico to explore these northern waters, entered the strait which bears his name, sailed through the Gulf of Georgia, and, having navigated safely the intricate passage to the north of the latter, at last reached Queen Charlotte Sound. De Fuca imagined as he emerged into these waters that he had passed from the Pacific to the Atlantic and accordingly claimed to be regarded as the discoverer of the celebrated northwest passage, the search for which has only terminated in recent years. Interesting as the account of this voyage must always be it is nevertheless somewhat mythical; although, in justice to Juan de Fuca, it is but fair to state that in the light of modern research the story of his voyage has met with acceptance among those who have studied the early history of these waters.



Wreck of the Beaver, Brockton Point

Cook, in his third great voyage, having, of course, heard of the voyage of Juan de Fuca, determined once and for all to dispose of any doubt in regard to the existence of the sheet of water claimed to have been navigated by the old Greek pilot. He therefore examined the coast with much care as far north as the 48th parallel. Finding no opening corresponding to De Fuca's description, he gave up the search and declared the story of this reputed discovery to have been altogether fictitious. Cook then continued his voyage up the coast, pass

ing on his way north the entrance to the very strait in the existence of which he had averred his entire disbelief.

During the 18th century the British and Spanish prosecuted with more or less vigour the work of exploration along the west coast and many expeditions were despatched with a view to obtaining information concerning those wild, unknown waters. In 1774 Juan Perez set sail from Monterey on one of these exploratory surveys. Heading north he passed without notice the entrance to the Strait of Fuca and on the 18th of July sighted the Queen Charlotte Islands. On his homeward journey, it is alleged believing that the latter was the one in vogue among the natives.

As previously mentioned, in the story of Captain Cook's great undertaking, which was given to the world in 1782, we have the first authentic description of an important part of the coast of British Columbia. Although Juan Perez had preceded Cook, yet little is known regarding the results attained by him owing to the fact that the records of his discoveries were never made public by the Spanish Government. Beyond the knowledge that Perez discovered the Queen Charlotte Islands and anchored in the vicinity of Nootka Sound,



Government House, Victoria, destroyed by fire in May, 1899

by Spanish and American writers, he discovered Nootka Sound, and anchored in a bay named by him Port San Lorenzo, in honour of the Saint on whose day it was discovered. Some years later Captain Cook visited this spot, which he named King George Sound, after the king who had done so much to encourage among his subjects the exploration of far distant and little known lands. Cook, however, subsequently changed the name to Nootka, which latter place was destined at a later period to play an important part in the history of this coast, we have little information respecting his expedition.

In succeeding years Captains Portlock and Dixon, Lieut. Meares, and many other traders and navigators, all more or less well known, visited and explored our coasts, many of whom have bequeathed to posterity interesting and valuable accounts of their adventures.

In the year 1788 Meares erected at Nootka a small building, which he fortified against the Indians. He then proceeded to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, leaving a portion of his crew to construct a small vessel to be used for trading purposes. This little sloop, christened the "Northwest-America," was the first vessel ever constructed in the country north of California. It may be interesting to add that it was built by the aid of Chinese carpenters, being, in all probability, the first instance of Mongolian employment in our Province. From this time on, Nootka derived some importance from becoming the rendezvous of



Old Post Office and Custom House, Victoria, thirty years ago.

the traders, who had already begun to frequent these waters for the purpose of procuring the valuable fur of the sea otter and other animals, in which a large and lucrative trade was soon established.

The Spanish authorities, who claimed the sole right to navigate the Pacific on the northwest coast of America, becoming aware of the visits of the various traders, sent an expedition in 1788 in command of Estinez Martinez and Gonzales Haro to obtain information regarding the reputed depredations of these adventurers. In the following year the Spaniards determined to put a stop to all encroachments. Martinez was ordered to proceed to Nootka and in the name of Spain take possession of the Sound. Trouble arose between Martinez and Colnett and Hudson, who had been sent thither by Meares under the British flag. Finally, their ships, the Princess Royal, the Argonaut, and the Northwest-America, were seized and their cargoes placed on board the Spanish ships of war. Colnett was arrested and suffered many indignities at the hands of his captors, and, later, was sent to Mexico, where he was at last liberated by order of the Viceroy. The piratical action of the Spanish commander, as soon as it became generally known, evoked the greatest indignation amongst the British people. In an inconceivably short space of time a large fleet was assembled and for some months the whole civilized world was in suspense and anxiety as to the issue. Eventually, however, Captain Vancouver was despatched in charge of the ship Discovery and the brig Chatham to determine with the Spanish Commissioner what indemnity should be made to the British subjects who had suffered on account of the un-

toward action of the emissary of the Spanish Government. It was in connection with this difficulty that Meares presented to the House of Commons his somewhat celebrated "Memorial on the Nootka Affair." The Spaniards eventually relinquished their extravagant claims, war was averted, and British supremacy was finally and firmly established.

In addition to the official business upon which he had been despatched, Vancouver was directed to explore the coast of the Pacific from the 35th to the 60th parallel of north latitude, and to keep a look out for the northwest passage. He was particularly ordered to examine with great care the Strait of Juan de Fuca. After a futile search for the mouth of the Columbia River, which was subsequently discovered by Captain Gray, after whose vessel this magnificent river was named, Vancouver proceeded to survey the Strait of Fuca. On the 22nd of June, 1792, as he was returning from Jervis Inlet he met the Sutil and Mexicana, two Spanish men-of-war, in command of Galiano and Valdes. Vancouver received a most courteous reception and information was exchanged in the most friendly manner. Then separating, Vancouver threaded his way through the islands of the Gulf of Georgia and Johnstone Strait, sailing at last into the open waters of Queen Charlotte Sound. Ariving at Nootka, Vancouver and the Spanish Commander, Quadra, compared together the notes and charts of their voyages through the Strait of Fuca; and it was agreed between them that the great island which that arm of the sea separated from the American continent should bear the names of both. And thus it appeared on maps and charts for many years as the Island of Quadra and Vancouver, although the former name has now been dropped, and it is known to the world simply as Vancouver Island.

Vancouver departed on his homeward voyage in 1794. During the years he spent in the northwest American waters he was indefatigable in prosecuting the surveys, for which his name has since become justly famous. The explorations which he carried to such a successful issue have not been excelled by any other navigator. They were faithfully and thoroughly performed. The charts and plans drawn under his direction will always stand a lasting monument to the patience and industry displayed by this great navigator, often under very adverse circumstances. Vancouver died in May, 1798, completely worn out with his labours, before his report was quite finished.



The old jail, Bastion Square, Victoria, since pulled down.

It is impossible in the space allotted

to this article to discuss at any length, or even mention all those "forgotten worthies" who gave their time, and too often their lives, in exploring this coast. In many instances their only monuments are the names which they have left scattered up and down the shores of the Pacific. There is much to be admired in the characters of these rugged old sea dogs who braved the dangers of the unknown deep in their frail vessels, with scanty accommodation, and faulty instruments, in the vague endeavour to satisfy the restless, adventurous spirit working within them. The spirit of the age in which they lived imbued them with a love of travel and adventure, which resulted in discoveries of vast importance to all mankind.

The search for the northwest passage, the desire for new and rich dominions by the rulers of the Old World; covetousness for the trade in the rich furs so greatly prized by all civilized nations; the thirst for gold; these were the potent causes that led to the exploration of these northern waters and resulted in the establishment of free and prosperous communities along the coast of Northwest America.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY AND COLONIAL DAYS.

The history of the Great Northwest from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific is indissolubly linked to that of the powerful corporation, which for so many years guided the destinies of this great wilderness. On the 16th of May, 1669, Charles II. conferred a royal charter on the "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into the Hudson's Bay." This immense concern received many rights and privileges, the vast import of which was scarcely thought of when the grant was made.



Government House, New Westminster, in 1860.

By the terms of the charter, provisions were made for the election of a governor, of a deputy governor, and a committee of seven members, who were to have the direction of all voyages, sales, and other business of the company—for the election of new members—and for holding at particular periods a general court of the company. The first company and their successors were made lords pro-

prietors of the territories which had been granted them, holding the lands "in free and common socage, and not *in capite*, or by knight's service;" and they were empowered to make laws and regulations for the government of their possessions, which may "be reasonable, and not contrary or repugnant, but as near as may be agreeable, to the laws, statutes, and customs," of England. The whole trade, fishery, navigation, minerals, etc., of the countries under their control was granted to the company exclusively, all others of the King's subjects being forbidden to "visit, haunt, frequent, trade, traffic, or adventure," therein, under heavy penalties, and the company was, moreover, empowered "to send ships, and to build fortifications, for the defence of its possessions," as well as to make war or peace with all nations or people, not Christian, inhabitating those territories, which are declared to be thenceforth "reckoned and reputed as one of His Majesty's plantations or colonies, in America, called Rupert's land."

Thus it will be seen that the Hudson's Bay Company possessed by its charter almost sovereign powers over the portion of America drained by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. This great company gradually extended its sway until trading posts and forts were established on the shores of the Pacific itself. With the advent of the Hudson's Bay Company the history of British Columbia really commences. The early history of Canada on the Pacific is, in fact, but the story of the occupation of this western land by that company.



Government Street, Victoria, in the Sixties.

As early as 1842 Chief Factor James Douglas (afterwards Sir James), had recommended the Indian village of Camosun (now Victoria) as a very proper site for a trading station and fort. The situation, to quote his own words, is not faultless or so completely suited for a place of settlement as it might be; but,

as he observes in his report of July 12th, 1842, after discussing the merits of various other ports on the Sound. "he despaired of anything better being found on the coast, and was confident that there was no seaport, north of the Columbia, where so many advantages could be found combined."

This favourable opinion was confirmed by Sir George Simpson in his despatch of the 21st of June, 1844, in which he says: "The situation of Victoria is peculiarly eligible, the country and climate remarkable, and the harbour excellent." And in June, 1846, he wrote: "Victoria promises to become a very important place."

After some consideration Sir James Douglas's recommendation was accepted, and in 1843 the company built a rude trading station, which was named Fort Victoria, opposite the Indian village of Camosun. Oddly enough this village exists to-day in sad contrast to the stately pile of Government buildings a few hundred yards distant across the water. The Indians hold treaty rights with regard to the reservation which the various Governments of the Dominion have felt it incumbent upon them to respect, although it would undoubtedly be better for all concerned if the Indian reserve could be shifted to a more suitable locality.

In 1848 a grant of Vancouver Island was made to the Hudson's Bay Company upon the condition that active measures should be taken within five years towards its colonization. The steps taken in this direction, however, failed to prove very successful, and beyond the somewhat prosperous station and farm at Victoria, a trading post at Fort Rupert, and a small settlement at Nanaimo, little use was made of Vancouver Island by British colonists.

By the deed of grant from the Crown, previously referred to, the company were allowed absolute control of the Colony of Vancouver Island for a period of ten years, from January, 1849. On the execution of the document, Mr. Richard Blanshard, an English barrister, received Her Majesty's commission as first Governor of the Island. He had a peculiar and difficult mission to perform in establishing constitutional government in a land little more than an unexplored wilderness. Mr. Blanshard arrived in Victoria in March, 1850, and, it must be confessed, that he received a somewhat rude awakening with regard to the country over the destinies of which he had come to preside in his gubernatorial capacity. Victoria was simply at this date a very small trading post with scarcely a soul residing there who was not connected with the Hudson's Bay Company. There being no Government house or other lodging set apart to receive him the newly-installed Governor was compelled to remain on board H.M.S. Driver during her stay in the colony. One of the Governor's first official acts was to appoint Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken a magistrate of the colony. This is our first introduction to Dr. Helmcken, who was for years so intimately and honourably connected with our early history.

Unfortunately from the very first friction occurred betwen the Governor and the officials of the company, which, perhaps, was not altogether to be wondered at, when it is considered that he was appointed in direct opposition to the expressed wishes of the chairman, Sir John Pelly, who had desired the appointment for Chief Factor Douglas.

After a residence of two years in the country His Excellency, Governor Blanshard, who, it is only fair to state, had always endeavoured to discharge the duties appertaining to his high office conscientiously,resigned his commission. He left for England by way of California in H.M.S. Daphne in September, 1851. Before, leaving, however, he appointed a Council of three to carry on the Government of the Island until a new appointment might be made. This Council was composed of James Douglas (Senior Member), James Cooper, and John Tod, all of whom rendered distinguished service to their adopted country. Thus ended the first chapter of the colonial history of Vancouver Island.

Nothing of any great note happened during Governor Blanshard's regime with the exception, perhaps, of some depredations committed by the Indians in the neighbourhood of Fort Rupert. A gunboat was despatched, however, to the scene of the disturbances; the law-

breakers were punished and peace and order restored.

Governor Blanshard, while he may not have been exactly fitted for the difficult position to which he had been called, was, undoubtedly, a very intelligent and able man. It must be borne in mind by his detractors, that during his brief sojourn in the colony he enjoyed wretched bodily health, and, therefore, was often unable to give adequate attention to public affairs. The peculiarity of Mr. Blanshard's situation as pioneer Governor necessitated that he should unite in himself the functions of executive and judge. In the latter capacity he was chiefly occupied in adjusting differences between the company and their servants. It must be added that the few independent settlers expressed great regret at the departure of the first Colonial Governor.

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.

There is one figure who will always stand forth clearly and distinctly in the annals of our Province. Reference is, of course, made to His Excellency, Sir James Douglas, the second Colonial Governor of Vancouver Island. Endowed by nature with remarkable administrative ability and a forceful and energetic character he was in every respect admirably fitted to perform the task of founding in a far distant and little known land thriving settlements and establishing therein those principles of political liberty and religious freedom that have always distinguished British colonies. While, of course, it cannot be expected that all his official actions were marked with the same keen insight and sagacity, yet, it is but just to say that he was always guided by a stern sense of duty and a love of justice. His eminent merits were recognized by all who lived under his wise and beneficent administration. In his capacity as a private citizen he "wore the white flower of a blameless life."



Sir James Douglas.

The personal appearance of Governor Douglas was very striking. He was a fine specimen of nature's nobleman—tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, with a grave bronzed face, yet kindly withal. His stalwart figure was a familiar sight in the early days as he walked down the streets of Victoria followed at a respectful distance by his orderly in uniform.

Many anecdotes are related of this sturdy old representative of Her Majesty. One at least may bear repeating here, well illustrating, as it does, his great coolness and readiness in moments of danger—qualities which often stood him in good stead, when white men were few in these regions and the Indians by no means the harmless individuals that they have since become. On one occasion, when in command of an outlying trading post, his subordinate officer became exceedingly alarmed over the behaviour of the Indians, who had for some time past displayed symptoms of rebellion. Becoming more violent than usual the savages forced their way into the enclosure itself. Rushing to Sir James the officer reported, in a very excited manner, that the Indians were in possession of the fort, and requested permission to call the men to arms to repel the expected attack. But to his complete surprise his superior officer quietly remarked in those measured and delib-

erate tones so characteristic of the man: "Give them a little bread and treacle, Mr. Finlaison; give them a little bread and treacle." Strange to relate this remedy soothed the turbulent crowd, when, in all probability, the entire garrison of the fort would have been unable to accomplish the desired end by resort to arms. Many illustrations might be given, but space forbids.

Sir James Douglas received his commission as Governor of Vancouver Island in November, 1851. For several years, however, on account of the sparse-



Evacuation of San Juan Island, 1872.

ness of the population, the labours attaching to his office were not very arduous. In 1853 the total population of the whole Island did not exceed four hundred and fifty settlers.

Governor Douglas set about the business of establishing a suitable form of government with energy and despatch. He was assisted by an Executive Council composed of Mr. John Wark, Mr. R. Finlaison, and Mr. John Tod. In 1856 in accordance with his instructions, he called together the first Legislative Assembly of the colony. For this purpose the Island was divided into four electoral districts, Victoria, Esquimalt, Nanaimo and Sooke. These constituencies returned seven members between them, viz.: J. D. Pemberton, James Yates, E. E. Langford (who some time later gave place to J. W. McKay), Thomas Skinner, Dr. J. F. Kennedy, John Muir, and Dr. J. S. Helmcken. The Assembly met for the despatch of business for the first time in a room in the old fort, on the 12th of August. In such manner was responsible government established in the infancy of the colony by this somewhat primitive parliament.

THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

In the following years the celebrated San Juan boundary dispute assumed threatening proportions. Both Great

Britain and the United States claimed possession of this Island. The contention respecting this strip of territory extended over a period of twenty years and was conducted with much bitterness on both sides. For many years the island had been occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company, but by degrees it had become more or less populated by the citizens of the United States, chiefly miners, who had drifted thither from the Fraser River gold fields. The newcomers certainly did not form a very desirable element, and troubles soon occurred between the latter and the officials of the company. The Americans at last despatched an armed force to occupy and hold the island. The excitement in Victoria on the receipt of this intelligence was intense. It was entirely due to the good judgment displayed by Governor Douglas and Captain, afterwards, Admiral Prevost, of H.M.S. "Sutlej," that a collision, which would have been fraught with direful consequences, did not at once ensue.

Admiral Baynes and Governor Douglas finally agreed to a joint military occupation of the Island; and in March, 1860, a detachment of Royal Marines was disembarked on San Juan. After a long diplomatic discussion between the Imperial authorities and the Government of the United States, it was aranged that the whole question should be submitted to the arbitration and award of Emperor William of Germany. The final award was not made, however, until October 21st, 1872, when to the complete chagrin of the British authorities, judgment was given in favour of the United States. This decision, as might well be expected, caused the keenest disappointment in British Columbia. However, after the result of the negotiations was made known, San Juan was immediately evacuated by the British garrison. It may be interesting to add that this island was the last piece of United States territory to be occupied by British troops. Although this dispute created much animosity between Great Britain and the United States, yet the greatest cordiality existed between the officers and men of both nations during their joint occupancy of the Island.

Great credit is due to Sir James Douglas for the manner in which he conducted affairs during this crisis. It is certain that only by his diplomacy and tact a great disaster was averted.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD

The existence of gold in British Columbia had been known to the Hudson's Bay Company many years before the news became generally public. The Indians had been accustomed to offer considerable quantities of the precious metal at the various fur trading depots in exchange for articles of food and clothing.

In 1857 a party of Canadians, having heard vague rumours on the subject, prospected the banks of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. Their efforts were rewarded with some success. Intelligence of their good fortune spread like wildfire and excited in thousands the thirst for gold. In the following year vessels from California began to disembark immense crowds of gold-seekers at Victoria. This peaceful hamlet, containing at the most but two or three hundred inhabitants, was suddenly converted into a scene of bustle and excitement. In the short space of four months the population was augmented by nearly twenty thousand souls. This motley throng included gamblers, loafers and desperadoes; but it must not be imagined that this class alone found its way to Victoria. On the contrary among the immigrants were to be found many honourable and trustworthy men who made splendid settlers. The rich came to speculate and the poor in the hope of quickly amassing fortunes. One of the first consequences of this mad rush was a shortage in the supply of food. Exorbitantly high prices were asked and realized for goods of every description. The value of staple articles reached an extravagant figure, and twice a famine was threatened.

The inrush was unprecedented and occurred so suddenly that the immigrants on their arrival were unable to secure lodgings of any sort or description. In every direction innumerable tents dotted the ground. As a contemporary writer puts it: "Victoria had at last been discovered, everybody was bound for Victoria, nobody could stop anywhere else, for there, and there alone, were fortunes, and large fortunes to be made." The news spread far and wide and new steamers landed fresh crowds. Even sailing vessels, old ships and tubs of all descrip-

tions, were actively employed in carrying passengers to the new El Dorado. And it is only to be wondered at that the number of appalling disasters at sea were not more numerous.

Shops, storehouses, and wooden shanties of every description were now going up on all sides and the din of the hammer and saw was perpetual. In six weeks two hundred and twenty-five buildings of all sorts and sizes were constructed. The price of land rose, too. Those who had purchased land before its rise in value reaped small fortunes. Business was flourishing, which was greatly owing to the fact that Victoria had been made a free port by Governor Douglas in years gone by. In fact the place was in the throes of a mighty boom, the reaction of which in after days was to cause much cursing and misery.

As can be readily imagined Governor Douglas was not an idle man during these feverish days. The responsibility of his office had increased an hundredfold. But he was indefatigable in his endeavours to preserve law and order in the land—a task the magnitude of which cannot be properly comprehended at the present day. The country had been flooded by a roving population, among whom might be found the off-scourings of the world—desperate ruffians who had been accustomed to the lawlessness of American mining camps, and to whom the meaning of the word "Justice" was unknown. Sir James Douglas by his firmness and impartiality during this trying time evoked the admiration and respect of all right-minded men, and they were generally in the majority. Into the breasts of the riotously inclined he instilled a wholesome dread of the majesty of British law.

The bubble burst at last. Owing to the melting of the snows on the hill-tops during the summer months the bars on the Fraser River, the Mecca of the gold-hunters, are covered with water until winter sets in. Those, therefore, who reached the mining region during March or April succeeded in securing large quantities of gold from the bars and sands not yet covered with water. Unfortunately the mass of miners failed to arrive until a month or two later, and, consequently, found the auriferous parts submerged. Ignorant of the periodic rise and fall of the streams, many, crest-fallen and disappointed, returned to Victoria. Still the arrivals were numerous and the town flourished until bad news commenced to arrive from the diggings, when the gloomiest foreboding soon began to prevail among the less venturesome spirits. The rumour took wing that the river would never fall, and as placer mining could only be prosecuted on bars, "the state of the river became the barometer of public hopes and the pivot on which everybody's expectations turned." This news acted as the first severe check to immigration, which, perhaps, was not an unmixed blessing. Thousands of miners lost all hope and wended their way back to California, broken in spirit and in purse. Victoria had fallen upon evil days, and affairs grew yet more distressing. The unemployed element became overbearing and created disturbances. On one particular occasion a party of disaffected citizens of the United States even went so far as to rescue a prisoner from the hands of the police, after the rough-and-ready manner in vogue in California, and actually had the audacity to propose that the Stars and Stripes should be hoisted over the fort. But a gunboat from Esquimalt soon quelled the riot and brought the pugnacious Americans to a proper state of mind.

It was some time ere Victoria recovered from this set-back; but before long better news arrived from the placer gold fields of newly discovered Cariboo, and Victoria once again began to assume importance as a rendezvous for miners. From this time her growth, if slower, was more permanent. Brick buildings began to replace the wooden structures so hastily built in the days of the gold excitement. From that time Victoria has increased in size and importance, until, at present, its suburbs stretch miles distant from the site of the old fort. The old landmarks are fast disappearing and few would recognize in the modern city of to-day the rude backwoods trading post of fifty years ago.

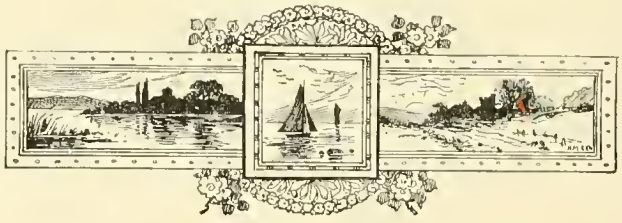
In 1858, at the request of Lord Lytton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, Sir James Douglas severed his connection with the Hudson's Bay Company, as it was deemed incompatible for him to attend to the duties of both Governor and

Chief Factor, especially as it was feared that the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Imperial Government might sometimes clash. On the 2nd of September, 1858, the Crown revoked the privileges of exclusive trade with the Indians granted to the Hudson's Bay Company some twenty years previously, and an Act to provide for the government of British Columbia was passed by the House of Commons. In the same year Sir James Douglas was appointed Governor of the new colony thus created. He was duly sworn in by Chief Justice Begbie (afterwards Sir Matthew Baillie) at Fort Langley. Sir James now divided his time between the two colonies, building roads and bridges and attending to other matters of importance. In spite of his increasing years he was almost as active as ever, making tours through the country and reporting thereon to the Colonial Secretary, Lord Lytton, who always exhibited the liveliest interest in the welfare of the two colonies on the Pacific.

In 1863 Sir James Douglas's commission as Governor of Vancouver Island lapsed. In that year he received the honour of knighthood in just recognition of the great services which he had so faithfully rendered. Mr. Arthur Kenney was appointed Governor of Vancouver Island in his place.

In 1864, Mr. Frederick Seymour was appointed to succeed Sir James as Governor of the Colony of British Columbia. In the same year the latter retired from public life, and many were the manifestations of regret and found expression on the severance of his connection with official affairs. Thus we take leave of the strongest personality in the history of our Province, to whom we are indebted for the peaceful establishment of constitutional government in this distant part of the empire. Sir James died in 1867, full of years and honour.

It might be said in conclusion that it has been altogether impossible to more than refer in most general terms to a few interesting points connected with the earlier history of British Columbia. Many well-known names and many important events have been left unmentioned, not for lack of appreciation on the part of the writer, but simply because it is impossible to cover the whole ground in an article of this description.



THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A Brief Review of their Probable Origin, History and Customs.

(By J. W. Mackay.)

WE find that in several important particulars these Indians differ widely from the race so often described by authors and travellers as the typical North American Indian.

The changes consequent on the opening of the country for settlement have largely modified their circumstances and habits, but in their pristine condition they mostly lived in large communities on and near the sea coast, depending mainly on the products of their fisheries for their sustenance. Their abodes were substantially built of wooden dwellings, and they were industrious, active and keen traders. Although they had frequent forays and occasional wars, they seldom entered on these from motives of bravado and rarely took scalps; but for mercenary purposes they took all the captives possible, whom they sold as slaves, and many of them by such means amassed considerable wealth in kind. When they made a successful foray for revenge they decapitated their victims and brought the heads home as trophies. Sometimes, however, they were unsuccessful, in which event some of the attacking party would be brought home without their heads, as happened in the case of the Sooke chief, in 1848, who led a strong armed party to attack Tsu-hay-lam, a Quamichan chief. The attacking party numbered about 150 armed men, comprised of contingents from the Sooke, Songhees, Clalam and Skatchet bands. Tsu-hay-lam was at the time living at his stronghold on a rocky point which juts into Cowichan Bay with a garrison of six men besides himself. The attacking party landed at night and surrounded his premises. The Sooke chief and a young Songhees brave, both armed and carrying material for setting Tsu-hay-lam's palisades on fire, had nearly succeeded in igniting the material, when one of the main party displaced a stone on the hillside at the back of Tsu-hay-lam's enclosure, and the stone rolling down made noise enough to disturb the garrison, one of whom ventured to reconnoitre the enemy through a loop-hole. He was just in time to see the Sooke chief blow the smouldering embers of sil-tsip, or friction stick, into flames and shot the incendiary instanter, mortally wounding him. Tsu-hay-lam promptly sortied and cut the dying man's head off. He then hailed his now alarmed and fleeing assailants and intimated to them that they were at liberty to take away with them what was left of the slain warrior.





It has been mentioned that some of the Indians in former days amassed considerable wealth by trading and by selling into slavery the captives taken in their forays on their neighbours. In those times the Indians were largely communists within the circle of each band, and but for a habit, which I shall



A typical patriarch of the tribes.

describe, any person holding more than the ordinary quantity of property was liable to be forced to divide with his neighbours, or he might be killed and his property would then be appropriated by his slayers. But under a long-established habit the wealthy Indian periodically divided his surplus wealth. He would collect large quantities of food, invite his friends and acquaintances from other bands, give a great feast and thereat distribute his goods and chattels to his assembled guests. At these assemblies there was much ceremony, feasting and speech-making; much importance being attached to such functions, and the Indians looked forward to attending them with great eagerness, sometimes travelling several hundred miles to reach the objective point. About the beginning of this century the chief at Lytton gave a feast of this kind, to which Indians from all parts of the Province, speaking dialects of the so-called Salish language, were invited. Among them were Comiakans, from Cowichan, and Sushwaps, from Kamloops. During the feast a disturbance took place with two bands who had a long-standing feud between them, which now culminated and ended in a fight. In the melee the Cowichans and Sushwaps decamped; but an excited young Sushwap got into a Comiakan canoe and was some distance off shore, sweeping down the swift Fraser before the mistake was discovered. The Comiakans, expecting the chief, suggested throwing the stranger overboard, but the chief proposed making a slave of him. His daughter objected, however, and her father sarcastically remarked that perhaps she would like the Sushwap stranger to be her husband. She acquiesced to the proposal and the matter was thus arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned. The eldest son of the happy couple was chief of the Comiakan band until he died a few years ago. The property divided at these meetings had to be variously ac-



A Group of Vancouver Island Indians, in the sixties.

counted for. Articles distributed to the indigent, old, and afflicted were given gratis; articles distributed to the commonalty were expected to be recouped by service when hereafter required to the value of the property given, with interest added; articles given to persons



A group of Victoria Indians.

of consequence were to be repaid by property of equal value, plus interest, which would be reckoned according to the length of time occupied by the recipient in reimbursing the donor. It will thus appear that this distribution of property was of great importance to Indians of all classes, as it not only affected them socially tending to en-



Making Oolachan Grease, Naas River.

large their ideas by the opportunities afforded for the interchange of information, but was really the foundation of their fiscal system and had a primary influence in directing their intertribal policy.

The several dialects spoken by the Indians of this Province would appear to be derived from three distinct languages, to which writers on the subject, from want of more appropriate terms, have given the somewhat arbitrary names of the Salish Kuak-yohl and Tinneh languages. Added to these is the Haidah, a fourth and distinct language, of which only one dialect exists. All the Indians speaking dialects of these languages hold traditions to the effect that they pushed their way from the north southward, the Tinneh Indians, whose congeners are still to be found in the Yukon and Mackenzie valleys, being the last migration. Their legends point to their having partly destroyed and partly intermarried with tribes who had occupied the country be-



Thompson River Indians.

fore them, and whose very names are now nearly wholly forgotten. The consequence of these intermarriages is shewn in the wonderful modifications which their original languages have sustained, changes being observed in the words used by bands who are near neighbours. A remarkable instance of the comparatively short period in which an Indian language may be lost is exhibited in the case of the Similkameen band of Indians. About one hundred and twenty years ago a party of Chilcotins, mostly young men with their wives but no children, left their country on the war-path against the Sushwaps of the Bonapare (Tluhtans). On their arrival at Tluhtans they found no In-

dians. The salmon season had been earlier than usual and the Sushwaps had left for their fishing grounds on the Fraser at the foot of Pavilion Mountain. Finding no Indians the Chilotins, who were strangers to the locality, imagined that they had not gone far enough. They consequently extended their excursion down the Thompson and encamped opposite the mouth of the Nicola, near the present site of Spence's Bridge on the Thompson River. In the meantime the Sushwaps hearing of the raid sent scouts on their trail, followed by the main body of their armed men, down the Thompson to the encampment of the raiders. The N-hla Kapm-uhs, of Lytton, who are friends of the Sushwaps, came up the Thompson to their assistance at the same time. The Chilcotins were then between two armed forces of enemies with inaccessible mountains behind them and the swift Thompson in front. Their enemies delayed the final attack until night; but as soon as it was dark the Chilcotins tied their bowstrings to the top knots of their hair and swam the river, landing on the other side thereof before their enemies were aware of their movements. They now strung their bows and prepared for battle, but their opponents would not attack them at such disadavantage. Under cover of the night they moved up the river and then crossed over. This delay gave the Chilcotins the opportunity of moving away from them, and they retreated southward, keeping up a running fight for several days, until they reached the Allison fork of the Similkameen, where, in a defile, they ambushed their pursuers and defeated them with great slaughter. There were no inhabitants in the Upper Similkameen Valley at that time and they held their own there through the winter. In the spring they made common cause with the Okanagans (Ukanakane) against the two tribes above mentioned. After a successful raid, the Sushwaps were driven from the Okanagan (Ukanakane) valley, which they had occupied as far south as the Mission. Then at Mission on the Okanagan Lake the Chilcotins and Ukanakanes made a treaty, offensive and defensive. They exchanged wives, and in three generations the Chilcotin dialect was lost to the now named Smil-a-ka-muh, who speak the U-ka-na-kane dialect, there being only two or three of the old men of the second generation from the raiders who know a few words of the Chilcotin dialect.

The Haidah band is unique amongst the B.C. Indians as regards their language, as there does not appear to be any affinity between it and the dialects of the other tribes. Some of their words are said to be of the same sound and signification with words in some Japanese dialects, and there may be foundation for the contention. Since this Coast has been frequented by white traders, three junks, manned by Japanese crews, have been wrecked between Victoria and the mouth of Columbia River. The last wreck of this kind occurred in 1858, when the "Caribbean," an English vessel from San Francisco, consigned to the Hudson's Bay Company at Victoria, and laden with provisions, picked up the Japanese crew of a water-logged junk off the coast near Gray's Harbour. The crew, seven in number, were, at Esquimalt Harbour, made to stand in line with the Haidah crew of a canoe on the quarter-deck of the "Caribbean," and as they were all costumed alike, there did not appear to be any physical difference between the members of the two races under examination.

The Haidahs may be the descendants of Japanese shipwrecked sailors and women of the so-called Tlinkeet race inhabiting Alaska. The Haidahs are found on the Queen Charlotte group of Islands in B.C. and at Prince of Wales Island in Alaska. The Haidah and their neighbours, the Tsimpsians, who are of Tinneh origin, made neat and highly characteristic carvings in wood, ivory and stone. Silver and gold bracelets and bangles were also engraved by them for their own uses and for sale to curiosity hunters. Their totem (Indian Tua-tame) poles are curious as representing their family pedigree for several generations, the connecting links of history being given orally by the historian of the sept concerned, who is usually an elderly uncle

or other near relative to the head of the house.

A few words in explanation of the application of the so-called to-tems may not here be out of place. Much unnecessary obscurity has been thrown on the meaning of Indian legends which have been rendered into the cultivated tongues, owing to the translations having been made literally, giving no consideration to the construction and idioms of the Indian language. Vocabularies of Indian words may readily be obtained, although the spelling and pronunciation of such is usually very defective, but it takes years of study and practice to enable the stranger to apply Indian words idiomatically and to give their true meaning when used in sentences, and no narratives can be more untrustworthy than are Indian legends which have been rendered literally into written languages by indifferent translators. When an Indian narrator, following the words of a legend as repeated to him, states that a crow married a woman (whose name is probably not given) and had progeny who became distinguished for certain attributes, he means that some chief or other Indian, the crest of whose family or sept represented a crow, married so and so, and so on. As to intermarriages of Indians with bears, wolves, foxes and other impossible and unnatural marital connections, an appreciation of this fact would render intelligible and interesting many translations of these legends, which otherwise appear nonsensical and unnatural. The construction of all the Indian dialects in this Province differs totally from that of any of the modern cultivated languages. Literal translations are therefore impracticable in the way of conveying the sense intended. The translator to be successful must thoroughly understand the idiom of the dialect he is treating, then he may by paraphrasing the subject matter from the Indian into the culti-



Totems at Skidegate.

vated language succeed in conveying to the mind of the reader or hearer the substance thereof.

The important personage known as the Indian Doctor or Medicine Man was certainly not a doctor in the proper sense of the term, unless by straining the application of the title he might be called a Doctor of Duplicity, as he certainly was the incarnation of deception. He neither used nor applied medicines, and therefore could not properly be called a medicine man. His method of curing consisted in uttering protracted howls and making violent gesticulations and contortions of his body over his prostrate patient. There are comparatively few of his faculty now in existence. A few years ago E-cha-hau, the Indian doctor of the Spahamin band offered to teach two of his nephews the secrets of his profession, provided they each paid him $100, he also wanted from each of them a retaining fee of one good saddle horse, to be worth at least $30. The young men before paying the fee applied to Chief John Silheetsa, for advice. After silently considering the subject for a few minutes he told the young men that he was of opinion that there were already liars enough in the band for all practical purposes and advised them to turn their attention to some subject that in the advancing circumstances of the band would probably prove of more lasting benefit to them, it being, moreover, very unlikely that the Indians would much longer submit to being deceived by such false pretenses as are exhibited by the Indian doctor. The Indians know of herbs found in the country which have valuable medicinal effects, and it would appear important that these remedies be enquired into and their properties, if valuable, scientifically demonstrated.



Manhousett Indians, at Refuge Cove, Vancouver Island.
(From a photograph taken in the sixties.)

Many of the Coast Indians are good workers in wood. Their canoes are capacious and well modelled, and as hand-power craft they attain great

speed in proportion to their carrying capacity.

The B.C. Indians all believed in a Supreme Being, the Creator of the Universe, Invisible, Omniscient and Omnipresent, but mostly quiescent, i.e., at rest, and only in times of incomprehensible danger was this great being considered by them. Every locality had its good or bad spirit. These were the constant objects of the Indian's fears or favours as the case might be. Some twenty-three or twenty-four years ago the writer when half way through the Stikine Canyon and at the most dangerous part, in a canoe with a crew of Stikine Indians, was delayed about fifteen minutes, holding on to the rocky



Indian Johnnie, Queen Charlotte Island.

walls of the gorge, on account of a sudden darkness caused, on a cloudy day, by a total eclipse of the sun. During that interval the Indian crew bowed their heads and prayed continually. The phenomenon was beyond their comprehension, and they appealed to the Great and Good Father of All for help. On another occasion, with a crew of Cape Fox Indians, the writer on the way from Wrangel to Port Simpson, had taken the inside channel between Wrangel Island and the Mainland, and when opening out the long reach which leads to Cape Spencer the sea appeared smooth, the weather being calm, with a contrary tide. The steersman of the crew was a "Wind Maker," and was asked to invoke the Spirit of the locality for a fair wind. He remained silent for a few minutes and then steered for a half-tide rock which was just awash, there being a gentle swell on. When nearing the rock he uttered some words of incantation and then the crew each threw an offering thereon—some tobacco, bread, an old hat, and other articles. The "Wind Maker" next struck the rock three times with his paddle, uttering the while some strange words. The crew splashed the water with their paddles in the direction in which they wanted the wind to blow, and immediately a gentle zephyr rippled the water. The wind steadily increased and in ten minutes the crew ceased paddling and sat in the bottom of the canoe for ballast. The wind blew steadily until Cape Spencer was reached, the distance being from fifteen to twenty miles. On inquiry it transpired that the "Wind Maker" did not understand the meaning of the words he used, they were to him empty sounds of mighty import.



Indian Mary, Massett, B.C.

The Indians possessed woolly dogs, who were periodically sheared, their wool being spun by distaff and woven by hand into blankets. The mountain goat wool was used for the same purpose. The inner bark of the yellow cedar was also made into a soft, warm blanket,

which was sometimes fringed with fur by way of ornament. But little clothing was worn in warm weather, the men frequently going naked. They made waterproof hats and waterproof vessels of the roots of the black spruce, and also a black dye of roasted iron pyrites boiled with alder bark. Yellow and red dyes were obtained from native plants. The Indians used to paint pictures of faces, canoes and figures on the outer walls of their dwellings with red ochre. They painted their faces also with ver-



Indian Types.

million, copper oxide, copper carbonate, molybdenum sulphide, and with finely pulverized iron glance and hydrated iron oxide. These colours were also applied as pigments to their ornaments and dwellings. They boiled water by means of heated stones plunged into water held in the water-tight buckets above mentioned. They produced fire by the friction of one piece of wood on another. They made twine for fishing lines and nets from the fibre of a species of native nettle, a plant commonly known as the fireweed, and from the fibre of the inner bark of the red and yellow cedars. The long flexible stem of the common kelp was also used for fishing lines; the inner bark of the willow was used for strapping stones for sinkers in deep-sea fishing. Some willows yielded a stronger and much more pliable fibre than others, the present site of Victoria, particularly that portion which lies between Wharf and Douglas Street and in the neighbourhood of the junction of Cook Street and Belcher Street, yielded a willow with very strong fibre, hence the Indian name for the city of Victoria is Ku-sing-ay-las, meaning the place of the strong fibre.

The Tamanawas dance—their great winter function—was a hideous exhibition with no redeeming feature to recommend it, excepting in the case of some of the more advanced Indians, who, by clever jugglery and sleight of hand, deceived even the more knowing

ones amongst the Indians, and certainly made it appear to the new-comers from abroad that the evil one was either present or was very closely connected with the exhibition. The ceremonies involved an attempt at initiation into some mystery named Tamana-was amongst the Songhees and Cowichan speaking bands, but beyond deceiving themselves and deceiving others the initiated learned nothing, saw nothing and heard nothing more extraordinary than their own howling. They experienced a feeling of ecstasy for a short time, more or less intense, according to the condition of their nervous system; this being induced partly by their wish to be so affected and partly by hypnotic influences produced by the howling, drumming and other proceedings to which they were exposed from day to day during the progress of the function.

In some parts of the Province the Indians cultivated a plant which had narcotic properties, and was smoked and otherwise used as tobacco, its name being that now applied to imported tobacco. It is not certain when potatoes were introduced amongst them, but as they have a native name for the vegetable it is probable that they may have obtained the plant from the south before the white man made his appearance. The kamas and other roots, bulbous and tuberous, were also extensively used by them as food. They trapped deer and bear and caught them in pits, and hunted the seal, killing them with bow and arrow and spear; they harpooned the whale and netted ducks and geese, thus their time was fully occupied in hunting, fishing, fighting and trading. As they did not wear much clothing they spent little time and means on the fashions, though the painting of their faces and bodies was sometimes an elaborate operation, but was only done



Chilarin (old man) and Tol Ramault (old woman) of Somenos Indian Village—both over 100 years of age.

in times of leisure, after a return from a foray and when the larder had been well replenished.

The probable origin of the Haidah race has already been given. The Kuakyohl, Salish and Tinneh races probably came from the continent of Asia by way of the northern portion of Behring Sea, crossing from Asia to St. Lawrence Island, and thence to the nearest point on the coast of this continent, thence they probably ascended the Yukon and tributary valleys and extended southwards and eastward, following the streams to and from the several water sheds. The River. The Salish border the Tinnehs in the north, on the south they extend far into the United States territories, and in British Columbia from the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Gulf of Georgia. Three bands of Salish are found on Dean's Canal, and at North and South Bentick Arm they appear to have pushed the Kuakyohl races westward to the outer sea coast on the Pacific Ocean. In this part of the Province these three bands of Salish are separated from their congeners to the south by the Tinnehs of Chilcotin and kindred bands. The Kuakyohl bands occupy the country beginning a little



Indian Passion Play, St. Mary's Mission

Tinnehs were the last migration, their affiliated bands to this day covering the northern portion of the continent south of the Innuits (Eskimo) on the coast of the Arctic Ocean and extending from Chesterfield Inlet on the east to nearly the mouth of the Yukon in the west. Of these the Chilcotin and kindred bands reach the Fraser River as far south as the mouth of the Chilcotin north of Milbank Sound and extending southward immediately on the sea coast to Campbell River on the east side of Vancouver Island to Port San Juan, on the south after following the whole west coast of that island; on the Mainland they reach to the neighbourhood of Bute Inlet. There are evidences that other races occupied British Columbia prior to the

advent of the tribes or races under consideration, some of these older bands being mound-builders; but so far nothing tangible regarding their history has been developed. Much active inter-tribal intercourse existed amongst the B.C. Indians before the white man discovered the country. Pee-la-ku-mu-la-uh, a Spokane chief who guided the two Canadian hunters, Finnan McDonald and Pierre Lagacé from Hell's Gate in Masoula to Colvile, about the beginning of this century, was known from Masoula, in Montana, to Lillooet, in B.C. He was slain at the latter place by an Indian from Anderson Lake. Marine shells are found in old Indian graves as far into the interior as Kamloops. The native intercourse between the tribes on the east coast of Asia and those about the mouth of the Yukon by way of St. Lawrence Island still continues, parkies (leather shirts) made of the skin of the tame reindeer being found amongst the Indians of the Yukon Valley to this day.

The changes in habits and ideas developed amongst the Indians consequent on the influx of civilized people are truly remarkable. Previous to that period the B.C. Indian on the Coast wore little clothing, went bare-footed, lived in dirty, smoky, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated dwellings, and any Indian outside of his band might be his enemy and might at any time kill him or sell him into slavery. He was imposed upon by the so-called medicine men, who in their turn were liable to prompt execution if an influential patient died whilst under their treatment. He was haunted by a constant dread of evil spirits and was frequently afflicted by epidemics, under which diseases hundreds died. Now he and his family are well clothed and well fed. Many of our Indians today are well-to-do farmers. Schools are established for the education of their children. They have learned to cultivate the soil with great success where the land is fertile; they own cattle, horses, sheep, pigs and poultry. Their wives dress in imported fabrics made into garments by themselves on sewing machines. Many of them live in frame built houses, well warmed, well lighted and well ventilated. They travel on the public roads in spring waggons, and in many respects exist under better conditions than do the poorer people in older civilized countries. Their circumstances have in every respect been vastly improved under the beneficent system organized for their care and advantage by the Government, and in some districts their numbers are steadily increasing.

The interior Indians, who in early days lived or more correctly, starved during the winter in filthy underground dwellings, wearing the scantiest clothing, and often having little else besides frozen cactus and inferior species of fish for their sustenance, are now owners of large herds of horses and cattle, cultivate extensive fields and live in the style of the prosperous and civilized white man.

The Indians did not quietly acquiesce in the appropriation of their unoccupied lands by the Government and at first showed ill-will on the slightest provocation. Such as lived near the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts had by frequent intercourse with the traders learned to regard the whites as their superiors in every way and their best friends, but in the outlying districts considerable friction at times prevailed between them and the incoming settlers. In the winter of 1852-3 two young Indians, a Cowichan and a Nanaimo, wantonly shot and killed a Scotch shepherd, Peter Brown, at Lake Hill. They were captured with the assistance of a detachment of marines and blue jackets from H.M.S. Thetis and were hanged on the south point of Protection Island opposite to the present town of Nanaimo. Much difficulty was experienced in arresting the young Nanaimo Indian, but he was hounded out of the Nanaimo village by constant raids being made thereon by his pursuers and took to the woods. A few inches of snow had fallen and his footprints being traced to where he had descended to Chase River to allay his thirst at the stream, his trail was followed to a heap of driftwood which crossed the bed of the little river. Here the scout Basil Bottineau, who was on the Indian's track, found himself at fault, and as it was after sunset and getting dark would have abandoned the search had not the Indian, who was in hiding under the driftwood, snapped his revolver at him.

The cap and gunpowder in the charge were damp and neither exploded. The scout followed the direction of the sound, but in the gloaming could not distinguish the object of his search. In the meantime the latter tried a second shot, when the cap only exploded, the flash thereof indicating his hiding place. The Indian was discovered, knocked down and handcuffed in an instant, and the next morning he and the young Cowichan Squeis, who had been arrested at Cowichan by the party on their way up to Nanaimo, were tried for murder on the quarter-deck of the steamer Beaver, found guilty and executed, these events happening between the hours of 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. on a frosty day in January, 1853.

In 1856 a white settler in the Cowichan Valley was shot by the Somenos chief. An armed party from H.M.S. "Monarch" and "Trincomalee" was sent in the latter vessel, towed by the steamer "Otter," to investigate the matter. The party numbered about 500 blue jackets and marines, fully equipped with small arms and two 12-pounder brass field pieces. The force landed at the mouth of the Cowichan River, near the Comiakan village, on a Sunday afternoon and encamped there. During the night a friendly scout passed the sentries and reaching the tent occupied by the Governor's staff communicated to Governor Douglas some important information, which determined his course of action. The next day the forces moved to the plain beyond Quamichan. After passing through the Quamichan village about one thousand Indians came forward to meet them according to their mode of warfare, naked and painted, armed with smooth-bore guns, bows and arrows and spears, and taking advantage of each tree for cover as they advanced firing their guns. Fortunately their aim was high, and the whooping and yelling did no execution. The naval forces were ranged in several detachments over the plain with artillery in position ready for service. As soon as the Somenos chief was recognised a detachment of marines were so manoeuvered as to surround him with his body-guard of several other Indians. The chief's gun had been discharged and he had no time to reload, but he cut a sergeant of marines badly with his dagger knife and wounded two of the officers before he was finally captured. As soon as it was known that he was taken his followers disappeared like magic and the day was won. The scene whilst it lasted was extremely picturesque. The chief was caught a little before noon, when the forces were piped to dinner. At 1 p.m. his trial began. He was convicted at 2 p.m. and sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place at 3 p.m., the was hanged to the bough of an oak tree in his war-paint and feathers, and met his death with stoical indifference. He was an active, well-proportioned, muscular young man and had only lately assumed the duties and responsibilities of chief of his band. When a boy he had been betrothed, according to Indian custom, to a Comiakan girl. When he succeeded his father as chief he claimed his promised bride, who was now a young woman. She, though not fair, was false, and had listened to the wiles of the white settler. The chief then acted according to his lights and revenged himself on his rival, but in doing so he outraged the law of the white man and lost his life in consequence. In 1858, during the rush to the Fraser gold diggings, many encounters occurred between the miners and Indians and a number of lives were lost on both sides. In time, however, matters quieted down, the laws were extended through the settlements, the Indians soon learned to appreciate the advantages of law and order, and excepting when occasionally under the influence of intoxicants they are remarkably well behaved.

The following list shows the approximate number of the different races in this Province :

Haidah	625
Tinneh	7,000
Salish	10,735
Kuakyohl	5,231
Total	23,691

THE LAST INDIAN BATTLE.

A True Story—By G. Sheldon-Williams.

Illustrated By T. Bamford.

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ND it happened last January. To be correct, the bed-plates of the awe-inspiring tragedy were laid the 31st of December, 1898. The first flurry of snow was beginning to fall; a precursor of the big storm which ushered in January of this year of grace, 1899. The dashing of the night-tide on the rock and shingle beach mingled with the howling of the wind to form a most soul-harrowing and depressing dirge for the dying year. In the little frame building at the head of the bay, a building which combined the qualities of saloon, hotel and store, the sense of depression did not, however, seem to be strongly in evidence. True, the store was closed, but the saloon half of the building shed through its windows a cheery light on the dreary scene outside. In the warm, well-lighted bar sat some half dozen men. On the rough deal bar-counter lay a miscellaneous assortment of firearms and cartridge-boxes; also several tumblers, and several bottles with labels of more or less startling hues pasted on their fat sides. A half-empty box of cigars completed the arrangement.

The gentlemanly inhabitants of this Palace of Ease were engaged in the sinful and seductive game known as "Black Jack." It is a game which a slight acquaintance with will cause you to lose half your monthly salary; but if you know it thoroughly, or think you do, you stand a good chance of losing your entire salary, your job, and sometimes your liberty as well. I do not recommend it for Sunday Schools, but for healthy adults, taken in moderate doses, it is not very harmful.

A partially wrecked clock behind the bar chimed half-past eleven. The Trader, who was about to deal, laid down his cards.

"Getting on for time, boys, I guess," he observed. "We can go on with the game next year, eh? Let's all have a drink now. Say, Pete, how are the firearms fixed. Is there lots of cartridges all right?"

"You bet," answered the personage addressed, a lean, sunburnt individual with a tow-coloured moustache. "An' three sticks of powder tied together an' ready fixed as well. We won't do a thing to-night."

"Well, you'd best be careful with that dynamite," remarked the Trader, indifferently. "I'm not fit to go to Heaven in a chariot of fire, not yet, and I'm too poor a man to be able to afford to have my place blown to the other place, where it's no good sueing the Devil for damages. You're too reckless, Pete."

The other man laughed. He was foreman contractor-inspector of that promising copper-gold proposition, the "Sabbath Joy," some miles down the Coast. It was owned by four poor Jews and one rich Englishman, and salaries were not paid the employees with that regularity they should have been.

The Trader got up and went to the door. The view outside was distinctly dismal. Far down at the entrance of the bay, a few lights still twinkled in the Indian rancherie, visible for a moment, then swept out by fresh gusts of driving snow. The small house of Jamie McPherson, half-way down the bay, was not visible either from the store or the rancherie, as it lay at the end of a small cove. Jamie held the responsible position of postmaster. He was a strict Presbyterian, who would not drink, and had vigorous opinions of his own re-

garding the vexed question of prohibition. "That moder-ren ceety of the plain, that Sodom and Gomorrah, Veectoria," he would observe, "shall yet repent in sackeloth and ashes her r-rejection of proheebeetion last fall." Jamie had a mouth-organ and a collie dog, and he and the dog and the mouth-organ used to handle the ancient hymns of the Scottish Covenanters in such a fashion that neither man, beast or devil durst approach Her Majesty's Post-Office while Jamie was at his devotions. Withal, he was a good fellow, and did not meddle with the affairs of his few neighbours; even when, as sometimes happened, they slightly transgressed the law.

The Trader stepped back inside and closed the door.

"I wish old McPherson could have come to-night," he said. "I asked him, but he refused. Said it was against his principles on New Year's Eve. But it will be rather a lonesome New Year for the old man, I'm thinking, and he not a year from the East."

"Jamie McPherson don't drink, Jim," said a small, sandy-haired man, who had just emptied a pretty stiff horn of rye whiskey with an air of satisfaction that plainly showed his superiority to Jamie in that line, at all events. "He'd want to fast and pray; and just look at that feed in there!"

Jim, the Trader, glanced with a complacent air at the vista of the room be-



The Sinful and Seductive Game.

yond the bar, where stood a table heaped with cold wild goose, deer meat, bear meat, dried salmon, cold grouse, and all that could tempt hungry men.

"Well, Doc," he observed, "you're about right there, I guess. And it is a pretty good spread, too, though I say it as shouldn't, seeing I got it up myself. Still, I feel kinder sorry for the old man,

and at his first new year here and all."

The "Doc" only grinned. He had been in the district several years, and was a well-known character. His qualification for the medical profession consisted of an unfailing belief in Perry Davis' Painkiller and Epsom Salts as remedies for all known ailments our frail flesh is heir to, and the possession of a set of lancets, which he used unsparingly on man and beast, with perfect impartiality. He had done fairly well at first, but a prolonged carouse on the proceeds of a successful operation led to a slight obscurity in the "Doc's" mind as to the relative merits of quinine and strychnine. The drugs are much alike in appearance, and, in the full belief that he was prescribing the former, he prescribed the latter. The results were disastrous and cannot be printed; but they still say in that district that the unfortunate victim of "Doc's" mistake was so acted upon by the strychnine that his heels beat the tune of "God Save the Queen" on the back of his head. Be that as it may, the "Doc's reputation as a healer of human ills was thenceforward at a discount in his locality.

"Well, boys," said the Trader, "I guess it's close on another year. Get the guns ready. Fill up the magazines of the Winchesters, and you chaps with the shot-guns just mind where you're pointing them when you're re-loading. Pete, you get down along the beach with your blamed dynamite, and set the fuse for five minutes. Wait a sec., boys, we'll uncork this demi-john and give the old year a 'deoch an doruis,' as the Scotties call it."

The dram was disposed of, the reckless Pete dispatched on his dangerous mission, and the motley crowd lined up on the little piazza outside the bar-room door.

"All set, boys?" asked the Trader, who bore in each hand one of those lengthy four-barrelled pistols which are the peculiar invention of Messrs. Charles Lancaster & Son, of London, England.

"All set, Jim," came the reply, and at the same moment, the decrepit clock in the bar struck the knell of the departing year.

"Fire, boys. Happy New Year, and God save the Queen!" and the driving snow was reddened by burning powder and the cruel winter wind driven aside by a fiercer hell-blast than its own. The reckless Pete's three sticks of powder exploded on the beach with great effect, and their roar was followed by the whip-like spang of Winchesters, the tuberculous cough of superannuated Snider rifles, the bang of 10-bore Greeners and the Lancaster pistols, and the crack-crrack of Colt's revolvers. Interspersed were the howls and yells of the celebrants. The biting snow melted on the fire-hot barrels, and trickled down in streams on to powder-blackened hands that gripped stock and lever, but the joyous exiles kept things up with laugh and yell and gun-shot till the last shell was fired and the New Year nearly half an hour old.

"Best New Year's salute in this God-forsaken place since the Lord made it," opined the "Doc," closing the lever of his empty rifle.

"Come on, boys, now for supper," said the Trader, and the piazza and beach were left once more to the howling storm.

* * * * * * *

That snowstorm was a good one. So was the celebration inside a good one. It was not till 9 a.m. on the morning of the 2nd of January that a figure loomed up on the little piazza, and surveyed the waste of snow, water and pine-trees. It was the Trader. His voice was hoarse with singing "Auld Lang Syne," and every other national and patriotic song he could recall from his varied experiences by aid of a retentive memory. He surveyed the scene with only one eye, I must admit. That eye was of a fiery red, but the other was closed and of a funereal black. This was the result of a brief but animated discussion among his guests as to the respective merits of Irish and Scotch whiskey.

After a prolonged inspection of the wintry scene, the Trader re-entered the bar, helped himself generously from a bottle, and remarked to his still somnolent guests: "Boys, guess I'll row over and see how old Jamie McPherson is. I feel pretty tough, and I guess a pull across will do me good. Any of you fellows like to come?"

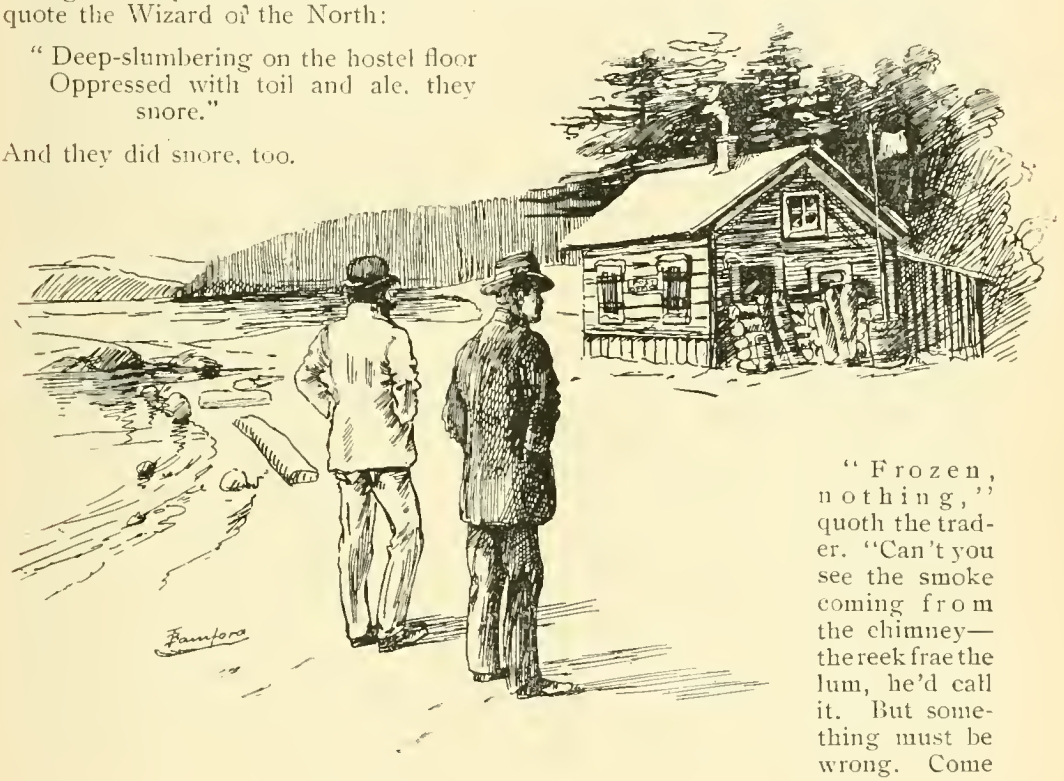
From the floor arose a dishevelled fig-

ure. It was Pete, the reckless. A flying bit of shingle when he exploded the dynamite had scarified his forehead, and the blood from the honourable wound had trickled down his face and mingled with his tow-coloured moustache.

"I'm with you, Jim," he remarked, laconically, and made for the bottle out of which his host had just quenched his thirst. The remainder of the guests gave no sign of acquiescence or refusal. To quote the Wizard of the North:

> "Deep-slumbering on the hostel floor
> Oppressed with toil and ale, they snore."

And they did snore, too.



"What in blazes can be up."

The Trader and Pete waded through the snow on the beach to a make-shift boathouse some twenty yards away. Dragging therefrom a small double-ender and launching her, they proceeded to pull down the bay towards the domicile of the devout descendant of the Covenanters.

The wind had dropped, and they were soon in sight of the little cove, at the head of which stood the building which was at once McPherson's home and Her Britannic Majesty's Post-Office.

Arrived at this point, however, the two rested on their oars in utter astonishment. The house had an odd unaccustomed look. In front of it was propped upon a sugar barrel a lengthy sapling, roughly trimmed of its branches. From said sapling, half-way up, floated a large red bandana handkerchief, a piteous appeal for aid from the chance passer-by.

"What in blazes can be up?" said Pete. "I hope the old man ain't frozen to death."

"Frozen, nothing," quoth the trader. "Can't you see the smoke coming from the chimney—the reek frae the lum, he'd call it. But something must be wrong. Come on."

A few strokes ran the boat up to the little beach, and the two men jumped out.

"What in old Sam Hill has Jamie been doing with his windows?" said the Trader. "Looks as if he had all the driftwood in the bay piled behind 'em."

They advanced to the door, and Pete dealt it a thunderous kick. An outburst of indignation from the collie dog inside was the first result, then spoke a quavering voice:

"In the name of the Lor-rd, wha gaes there? Speak, or I fire."

And before the astounded couple could reply, the roar of Jamie's sole wea-

pon of offense, an antiquated muzzle-loading shot-gun, was heard inside the house. A round, home-made bullet splintered the frail wood-work of the door, and passed between the heads of the two visitors.

This was past a joke. "You old Scotch fool," roared the Trader, "is this the way you welcome your friends on a New Year's call?"

An exclamation was heard inside, then the sound of many barricades and obstructions being removed. Finally, the door flew open, and the descendant of the Convenanters stood upon the threshold. The sweat of mental anguish was on his wrinkled forehead, and from his eyes the big tears hopped down his cheeks, over his grey moustache, and lost themselves in the wintry stubble of a three-weeks beard.

He made a plunge forward and grasped the hands of his mystified and somewhat indignant visitors.

"Eh, my dear laddies," he gasped, "the Lord be praised ye are presairved. I had no thocht to see ye again in the flesh. But you, mon, Jim," pointing a denunciatory finger at the Trader, "mon, I hae winked at muckle, and maybe the speeritual agony o' the last twa nichts an' a day is my punishment, but this sellin' o' liquor to them Indian deevils must be stoppit richt here. Ye mind? It's Jamie McPherson tells ye."

"What the blazes are you talking about, anyway?" demanded the Trader, whose conscience was not quite clear on the subject of selling liquid damnation to the guileless and unwashed siwash. "I've heard of no trouble among the Indians. What the devil are you giving us?"

"Mon, Jim," said the Scot, "did you no hear the soond o' the awfu' fecht on New Year's Eve? Did ye no hear the guns and the screaming and yelling? Eh, but auld Jamie McPherson heard it, and he barricaded the hoose, an' called in the bit collie dog, and commended his soul to the care o' the Almichty, an' waited in sore treebulation o' the flesh (whilk is weak, ye ken) till this blessed mor-rn, an'——But what dae ye see to laugh at, ye graceless sinners?"

For Jamie's two visitors had collapsed in a heap in the snow, and peal after peal of uproarious merriment echoed round the bay, and was returned tenfold by the everlasting hills.

"Jamie McPherson," gasped the Trader, "you'll be the death of me yet. This is twice you've near killed me and Pete in ten minutes. Man alive, the firing and yelling was at my place, not at the rancherie. We were just saluting the New Year. And you thought it was an Indian uprising? Oh, Lord, oh, Lord!" —and Jim again rolled on the snow.

Well, it took some time to get the rights of the matter into Jamie's head, after which he proceeded to dismantle his fortifications. He then besought Jim and Pete to mention no word to the other boys. "The laddies micht laugh at me," he observed. The laddies did. Either Pete or the Trader must have blabbed, and that is how the tale came to my ears.



VICTORIA—ITS NATURAL ADVANTAGES

By C. H. Gibbons, City Editor of the Daily Colonist.

FIFTY years ago, before immigration to the shores of the Pacific was attracted by the discovery of gold in California, Fort Victoria had an existence. The gold-seekers were preceded by fur-dealers, and the first house in what is now the queenly capital of British Columbia was that of one of the adventurous traders of the Hudson's Bay Company. As years rolled on, the importance of the post at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island became more defined and recognized. Population increased; the Hudson's Bay Company, with its storekeepers, trappers and traders, forming one important class, while another, drawn from the ships of the Royal Navy, which paid frequent visits to the shores of the Island, more gradually became a noticeable feature of its society.

Then came the news of gold discoveries in various parts of the country tributary to the struggling settlement—Leech River, only about ten or twelve miles from Victoria being one of the earliest of the placer mining camps of the Pacific Coast—and then the influx of the army of the Argonauts. From California, where they had tasted the sweet and the bitter of the search for gold, these treasure-seekers with pick and shovel poured into Victoria, equipped themselves, and passed on in hundreds and in thousands to Leech River, the mighty Fraser, golden Cariboo, or more distant Cassiar. The history of Victoria's life during "the sixties" is the history of many places in the wonderful West which gold-finds have made famous in a day. It was then, too, that her pioneer business men laid the sure foundation of their knowledge and experience in the selection and packing of the necessities of a miner's life, an experience that enables them to this day to compete at an advantage in the equipment of miners destined for the Northern treasure lands.

The mad search for riches in "the sixties" made the village a city—and one, while the excitement was at its height, of considerable population and constantly changing character. After the fever came the re-action, which even more tried the young and struggling city. Its citizens knew its worth, however, and Victoria passed the crisis safely, and commenced the persistent, substantial growth which has led to its recognition to-day as the wealthiest city, for its size on the American continent.

Located at the southern end of Vancouver Island, the situation of Victoria is remarkable alike for its beauty and its adaptability to the purposes of commerce. The city rises gradually from the Straits of Juan de Fuca and from the land-locked harbour in which its extensive shipping, not forgetting the sealing fleet, which is the greatest in the world, lies in safety.

An elaborate scheme of harbour improvement, to the perfection of which Mr. Thomas C. Sorby has devoted the best years of a busy professional life, is now on the eve of inauguration and will make the harbour and shipping facilities unsurpassed the continent over. By the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, private enterprise has already constructed at the entrance of the harbour proper, docks capable of accommodating and sheltering in the roughest gale that blows the largest steamships and sailing vessels to be found on the waters of the Pacific—docks, the equal of which cannot be found elsewhere on the Coast, not even in San Francisco. A few miles out from the city, a magnificently equipped quarantine station safeguards the health of this province, and, in fact, all Canada.

At the outer dock, for the construction of which Mr. R. P. Rithet deserves the lasting gratitude of Victorians, abundant water and excellent wharfage are afforded for shipping of any draught. The shore line of Victoria harbour, which is entirely protected by the natur-

al conformation of the land, is about seven miles in length, good anchorage being found in many places, while well-appointed wharves extend for a mile or more in almost unbroken succession. Here it is that dozens of steamers, including the fine fleet of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, and sailing craft are to be found at all seasons of the year receiving or discharging freight. The majority of the wharves are lighted by electricity, and all are provided with the most approved appliances for the quick dispatch of business. Along the waterfront, too, are found many of the manufacturers that are doing their part towards advancing Victoria's commercial importance—the Brackman & Ker mills, the Chemical works, the Weiler Bros. furniture factory, the paint factory, the Pendray soap works, and the Albion Iron Works, foundries and machine-shops, in which anything in steel or iron from a poker to a steamship may be turned out.

Victoria's business streets are wide and handsome. The policy of the people has been not to concentrate the business life of the city upon any one street. hence, Government, Fort, Yates, Douglas, Broad, and Johnson Streets are all busy thoroughfares, while a vast amount of substantial business is transacted daily—with very little show—on Wharf street, the mart of the wholesalers. Government Street being the first avenue, still retains its primary importance; while for substantial structures of brick, stone and plate glass, Douglas Street is rapidly attaining prominence. All of the business streets boast buildings of imposing design, but the city differs materially from any in the neighbouring States, in that it is far from being built to meet prospective rather than existing demands. Four



Victoria City, B. C., Looking North.

and five story blocks are uncommon, but every foot of accommodation provided is utilized.

In this particular point will be seen an illustration of the conservative policy that has made the city's credit what it is; the boom policy so common to the cities of the West is thoroughly lacking here; the business atmosphere is different; credits are maintained, and Eastern merchants express a preference for Victoria orders over any others in the West.



Government Street, Victoria, B.C.

So high indeed is the credit of the city, which naturally takes its colour from the credit of the individual citizens, that when a consolidation of various outstanding municipal loans was brought about only a few weeks ago, the Council was able to place the new debentures, amounting to $210,000, with a life of only twenty years, bearing 4 per cent. interest, at ¼ per cent. above par. Had it not been for the disturbing influences of the war in the Transvaal an even better bargain might have been made, while it is worthy of note and significant of the character of Victoria business men, that the purchasers were a home financial organization—the British Columbia Land and Investment Agency.

From the heights upon which many of the wealthiest residents have built their homes, the scene presented is truly a majestic one. The well ordered, picturesque city in the foreground; beyond, the shimmering harbour and straits, reflecting the deep blue of the sky; across this grand body of water, the Straits of Juan de Fuca, is seen the glittering, snow-capped, uneven line of peaks of the Olympic range, extending over the westerly part of the State of Washington; to their East, on the other side of Puget Sound, the forest-

covered foot-hills, and then the mountains themselves of the Cascade range towering into sight, and presided over by the great snow sentinels, Mount Baker, Mount Hood, the Sisters, and Mount Rainier, the pride of Washington Further to the North loom up the white saw-tooth peaks of the great ranges of British Columbia—the Fraser and the Selkirks—while between them and the point of vision extend the Straits of



Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

Georgia, dotted with innumerable islands.

Such continuous scenic splendour can be viewed at no other place in the Northwest; every variety of scenery is familiar to Victorians—from the calm and pleasing pastoral to the stern imposing and majestic panorama of mountain or of sea.

* * * * *

One of the first and most natural exclamations of the visitor is, "Why, how many handsome homes you have." And so there are. Probably no other avenue in Canada possesses more costly and magnificent yet home-like mansions than does Belcher Street; and besides Belcher Street there are the Gorge Road, Rockland Avenue, Oak Bay Avenue, Cadboro' Bay Road, Esquimalt Road, and half a dozen others of similar attractiveness. Each resident of Victoria aims to own his own home, the percentage of householders who are the owners of their premises being greater here than in any other city of the Dominion.

Each residence is set like a jewel in its own well-appointed and well-cared-for grounds, and the taste of the owners is apparent in the beauty of their home surroundings as well as in the architecture of the houses themselves. In parks

and drives, too, the same love of beauty is apparent. Beacon Hill Park has few rivals on the continent. It comprises two or three hundred acres, well-wooded in part, and intersected with carriage-drives, lined by royal old oaks, over whose heads centuries have passed. Two or three miniature lakes, bordered by green lawns and pebbly beaches, are the home of a choice collection of waterfowl; while in the deer park and the bear-pit are to be found specimens of many of the animals and birds native to the Province.

The sides of Beacon Hill proper afford a recreation ground for the city, unsurpassed for cricket, baseball, lacrosse and kindred sports, which are in progress almost every afternoon nine months out of the year. In the summer time thousands meet under the spreading trees and listen to the excellent music furnished by the local bands.

The establishment of a second park in the city's western suburb is now under consideration; while a strong syndicate, represented locally by Mr. Henry Croft, has secured an option that will probably be taken up within a very few days, for the transformation of what are known as the James Bay tide flats, a tract of thirteen acres or thereabouts in the very heart of the city, into a most complete and handsomely equipped general recreation park. Its attractions will include a magnificent theatre; a cinder track for cycle and foot racing; a large green for lacrosse and kindred sports, and provided with the finest grand stand and club house accommodation; bowling alleys, bath houses, horticultural gardens, etc. This park will extend from the new Post



Scene in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B. C.

Office to the Parliament Buildings, a substantial steel and stone causeway, replacing the present bridge between the points mentioned.

The Gorge, formed by the outgoing and incoming tides, on Victoria Arm, which runs inland from the sea for four or five miles is another attractive natural park, which is popular with Victorians. Here it is that the regattas take place each 24th of May, for Victoria is an



"The Gorge," Victoria, B. C.

eminently loyal city and its celebrations of the Queen's Birthday are famous far and wide. Beautiful drives extend from the city in all directions—to Goldstream, to various points on the sea coast, and to Esquimalt, three miles away, and also connected by electric railway. Here is the most perfect harbour on the Coast, in which the warships of Britain are constantly to be found. Here, too, and in the near vicinity, are the Esquimalt fortifications and the barracks of the Royal Artillery; here are the marine railways, provided by private enterprise for the accommodation of merchant shipping; and here, in Esquimalt proper, the naval yard and dry dock, the latter built of huge blocks of stone and capable of accommodating the largest ships of war that visit the Pacific Ocean.

Oak Bay is still another popular seaside suburb connected by the busy electric road. This is rapidly becoming the summer resort of many wealthy citizens, its charming surroundings, attractive beach and facilities for every form of seaside enjoyment bringing it into constantly growing favour. There is a thoroughly first-class tourist hotel here also, which commands the patronage of the best classes of visitors from all parts of America.

The city possesses an extensive sys-

tem of water works, operated by the corporation, and which, with the well-equipped and admirably disciplined fire department reduce the fire risk to a minimum. The water supply is drawn from a succession of spring-fed lakes, and passing over the filter-beds is distributed through steel mains to steel mains, purity being thus assured. Improvements to the system have been constantly in progress in years past and it may now be classed in consequence as approaching very closely to perfection. The receipts under waterworks' account form one of the principal items in the civic revenue.

Sewerage is upon the separate system, the general scheme being as recommended by the eminent engineer, Mr. Rudolph Hering, of New York, the sewage of the city being carried far out to sea by the tide.

The paving of the principal city streets is also under way, Fort Street being at the present time the model business thoroughfare of the Province, and a sample of what all will be at a very early date—probably within the next twelve months.

In the matter of electric railways the city is again specially favoured, the system of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, under the efficient local management of Mr. A. T. Goward, giving quick and cheap communication between all parts of the city, as well as to the suburbs of Oak Bay, Esquimalt, Victoria West, Spring Ridge, Oakland, Beacon Hill, etc.

A loop is also projected to accommodate the residents of the Gorge Road, and enable holiday-makers and picnickers to reach The Gorge at a merely nominal cost, and expeditiously. The system has been in operation since 1890, and was the third electrical road established west of the Mississippi—the second in the Dominion of Canada. The tramway company also supplies light to private consumers, while the streets are illuminated by means of an independent system owned and operated directly by the corporation.

An excellent telephonic service is provided for the city and suburban towns; while a long-distance line to the cities of Nanaimo, Vancouver and New Westminster is promised for 1900. The C. P. R. and the G. N. W. telegraph companies—the former operating in conjunction with the Postal Telegraph Company's system and the latter with the Western Union—maintain telegraphic connection with all the world.

By steamboats of elegance and speed, the city has daily connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Vancouver; the Northern Pacific and Great Northern at Seattle and Tacoma; and the Union Pacific and Southern systems at Portland; while a regular service is also maintained with San Francisco and other Coast points to the south, direct steamers between Victoria and San Francisco, sailing every five days. Alaska and the Northern way ports, the keys to the Klondike, Atlin and Cassiar gold fields, are served by another first-class fleet of steamers, many of which are owned locally; the rapidly growing trade of the West Coast of Vancouver Island demands the service of another fleet; still others (and among them the handsomest steamers afloat), are required for the maintenance of regular connection with China and Japan, Hawaii and Australia, and Cape Nome, Victoria enjoying the proud position of first port of call and last of departure for practically all trans-Pacific lines, as well as all Northern lines.

Two railway systems at present enter the city: the Esquimalt and Nanaimo road connecting Victoria with the centres of the coal mining districts, the promising gold-copper mines of Mount Sicker, and the outlet of the Alberni road; while the Victoria and Sidney road traverses the rich agricultural district of the Saanich peninsula having its terminus at Sidney, from which point a railway ferry connection with some point on the Mainland is looked for in the near future.

A number of projects are at the present time receiving attention, having for their object the securing of direct connection with the trans-continental systems to the North and South, either by railway ferries, transferring cars over the Straits, which narrow to but nine miles in width at one point; or by extension to the Northern end of rail and ferry to the south and all rail to the

North to connect with the trans-continental lines.

Meanwhile the steamer service in connection with the various through-roads practically makes Victoria one of the termini of these lines, and places her upon the same footing and with the same trans-continental freight and passenger rates as are now enjoyed by cities having rails laid to their doors already. The Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway will be continued very shortly to the Northern end of the island, opening up a large area of agricultural, mineral, and timber land; and enabling the gold-seekers to and from the far North to reduce their journey by days.

With this north-of-the-island connection, Victoria merchants will unquestionably command practically all of the Northern outfitting and supply trade, their past experience in the selection of stocks and in the packing of goods giving them so appreciable advantage in the race for this trade that the Sound cities are no longer in the running. The experienced miner well knows that Victoria is the best outfitting city and the inexperienced miner wisely prefers to defer to the better judgment of his veteran brother.

Of course the duty that has to be paid on American goods going into the Klondike or other Northern Canadian gold districts gives the Canadian cities a great advantage and constitutes another nail in the coffin of the Puget Sound outfitting trade.

The climate of Victoria compares very favourably with that of California, and has been more generally contrasted with the south of England. It is temperate at all seasons, the summer heat being softened by breezes from mountain or sea; it is never oppressive and the hottest days of the summer are invariably followed by cool and delightful evenings.

In the matter of public buildings, as well as residential structures, Victoria leads the Pacific Northwest, for the new Parliament block is beyond doubt the most magnificent architectural pile in all the West. Besides, there may be mentioned the new Post Office, Custom House, the Provincial Jail, and Reformatory, the Law Courts, the City Hall, the Drill Hall, Jubilee Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Ann's Convent, and many others, all of which reflect in a manner the solidity that is characteristic of the city.

The number of churches has, within the last few years, been increased by the erection of several whose superiors in tasteful architecture cannot be found on the Coast. Prominent among these may be named St. Andrew's (R.C.) Cathedral, the Metropolitan Methodist and St. Andrew's Presbyterian churches, while the erection is also contemplated of a magnificent structure to crown Church Hill, replacing the present Anglican Cathedral there. The city schools, too, are substantial, thoroughly modern, and well-arranged buildings, in which every detail of a liberal education is provided for.

In conclusion, Victoria offers peculiar advantages to the capitalist, the commercial man, the manufacturer, the emigrant of moderate private means, who has a family to bring up and educate, and last but not least, the tourist, to whom the fine scenery, the magnificent opportunities for sport in the near neighbourhood, including excellent trout fishing and both small and big game shooting, lend to Vancouver Island extraordinary attractions. On the west coast of the Island are situated the mining camps of San Juan, Alberni, Clayoquot, Bear River and Quatsino, where many exceedingly promising copper-gold prospects, largely owned by Victorians, are being developed; and on the East Coast the Mount Sicker mines give every indication of great things in the future. Thus at a not very distant date Victoria should become the supply point and centre of a very important mining field.

THE INTRODUCTION OF CAPITAL INTO NEW COUNTRIES.

(By D. B. Bogle.)

NO subject is more canvassed and very few are less understood. The confusion of ideas on all subjects economical is one of the curious phenomena of our otherwise highly organized commercial system, and is reflected in the want of defined meaning attaching in most people's minds to such common words as "capital," "wealth," "value" and many others. Yet there is no subject so important to a young country like British Columbia as the principles governing the introduction of capital. There is one set of extremists who maintain a very remarkable position. They fall back on the axiom that all capital is originally derived from labour, which is perfectly true, but they conclude that therefore all capital should be maintained and applied to production, solely in the interests of labour as they understand it; and there is a continual pressure applied to the social fabric through the Government to force a condition of affairs agreeable to this theory. Two vital considerations are altogether overlooked, one general in its bearing, the other peculiar to a young country. The first is that if all the product of industry, or a very large proportion of it, is diverted to the labourers, who at the same time will not take the responsibility of making those accumulations necessary, not merely to increase, but to maintain the amount of capital in a country, but spend it all in unproductive consumption, that country must return to barbarism with accelerated strides and realize in the actual squalor of savagery the social dreams of many estimable but illogical minds. The other consideration is that in a country like British Columbia, which imports most of the articles of primitive wealth, through whose accumulation capital is originally formed, and is dependent for increase of population and progress upon industries in which capital is tied up without return for considerable periods, unless outside capital is offered inducements as good or better than in other countries, not only no progress, but immediate retrogression is inevitable. Any cause which increases the remuneration of labour diminishes the returns to capital, provided the amount produced remains the same. And it is very startling how rapidly any such cause will act upon the flow of capital. The eight hour law, for instance, which, without in any way increasing the productive capacity of the mines or the hope of ultimate profit from the development of prospects, indirectly increased the proportion of the product paid as wages, has very greatly decreased the output of wealth for 1899 and has diverted much capital to Cripple Creek and Western Australia, which would otherwise have come into British Columbia. It may be that this happened through the fear of further encroachments and through prejudice and class antipathy and such vulgar and contemptible considerations, rather rather than through any sufficient modification of the returns, or hoped for returns, to account for the result. It is to be hoped so, for then the effect will only be temporary. It may also be that from a social point of view the change is a beneficial one, even at the expense of a slower inflow and accumulation of capital. But the economic result is plain enough. There is another set of extremists who allow the aggregate production and accumulation of wealth to dominate every other consideration. Their idea of a prosperous country is one in which the greatest possible amount of wealth is being produced at the least possible cost, without considering for a moment who is getting the benefit of that production, or, in other words, how it is distributed. They would, in reference to a new country, have the inducements to outside capital increased at the expense of the comfort and prosperity of the people who live in it. The two main ways in which this

can be done in a new country are by the alienation of large tracts of land and by the importation of coolie labour. The first of these is economically sound; it effects its purpose. But it is at great cost to the country and is an expedient which should never be resorted to except in the last extremity. That such extremity has existed and may exist is doubtless true. The case of the inducements necessary for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway is one in point. Of course the alienation of land to be utilized for productive purposes is not what is referred to, nor indeed the alienation of land for building towns upon. Under a system of private property the quicker land is alienated, at a fair price, as soon as it can be used the better. But the tendency of land is to rise in value as population increases, and although it may be necessary to give away large tracts of land to induce capital to engage in productive enterprises, it is always costly and should be the most jealously guarded prerogative of Government in a new country. The second method, that of decreasing cost of production by the importation of coolie labour, is of very doubtful value economically, and is socially a most disastrous step. Into the labour cost of any article two factors enter, one the money wage and the other the efficiency of the labour purchased. The latter is frequently overlooked, nor is it often calculated just how far the increase of cost of superintendence, and the increased depreciation of the capital employed, together with the diminished output go to counterbalance the supposed saving on actual money wages. So far as the matter may be judged by results in controlling the world market the dearest money labour has always proved the least costly and most profitable. But when the cheap labour expedient is considered from a social point of view no defence whatever can be made for it. The labour imported must either remain in the condition of servitude in which it exists at the time it enters the country or it must advance finally to the level of the labour supplanted. If it advances to the level of the labour it replaces, no advantage is gained to its importers. If it does not so advance it remains a dangerous and detestable social element. Now the statesman and citizen are supposed to have the general material interests of the community at heart in any tolerable form of civil government. This is and ought to be paramount. The inflow of capital, however, in a new country is the main means by which the general material interests of the community may be furthered. Because, as already remarked, the country depends upon industries, which require the locking up of capital for a length of time, and has no means of accumulating that capital itself under a couple of centuries at least. So that no step should be taken to benefit the community at the expense of this inflow without the most careful inquiry as to whether the loss sustained by the check given capital's inflow is not greater than the gain afforded by the presumed ameliorated conditions of life in the country itself. But at the same time expedients to encourage that inflow like the importation of cheap labour, which are absolutely bad from a social point of view, should never under any circumstances be resorted to, even if their economic result were temporarily advantageous, which is extremely doubtful. This preliminary discussion has not only cleared away a little of the confusion of ideas which surrounds the question of the introduction of capital into a new country, but has to some extent elucidated the nature of the problem itself. It has at least shown its vital importance.

It has been sufficiently established by economic writers that profits tend always to diminish until finally they reach a minimum, that minimum being arrived at when the returns to fresh capital are so small as to counterbalance the effective desire of accumulation in the minds of producers, so well established that there is no necessity of reducing the law to first principles here. This brings about a theoretical economic condition known as the "stationary state," at which it is true no country has yet arrived, but to which all are tending, the one that has progressed or retrogressed furthest in this direction being probably Holland. At the same time, every European country would rapidly arrive at the stationary state were it not for

counteracting influences, such as improvements in production, which increase profits and thus allow the utilization of more capital without diminishing its returns, drafts made on the country for foreign investment, with which this paper is mostly concerned, and periods of over-speculation, which are always periods of enormous unproductive consumption, and are followed by the reactions known as commercial panics. The last of these destroys the surplus capital, the two others merely allow of its profitable use in larger quantities, either within the country itself or in some other country. It may be noted here that during periods in which improvements in production and distribution have caused a "boom in industrials," as it is called, it is hopeless to attempt to attract capital to foreign countries. A very good instance of this was the late industrial boom in Great Britain, of which the cause was not any particular improvement, such as the introduction of machinery or railways, but simply a refinement of the business mechanism by the consolidation of rival concerns into joint stock companies, or what are known in America as trusts. A similar movement has been going on in the United States during the present year.

The surplus capital of a country seeks investment in new countries when there is no longer room for it in its native country without its employment reducing the returns to capital below what the man of business is contented with. There is one peculiarity about the action of this obvious principle that the capital is not distributed amongst all countries which can show a higher rate of profit, but it all goes into the country which can show the highest, or hopes of the highest, rate of profit. That is to say, a new country desiring to attract capital must compete against every other new country and will receive none until it is able to offer better inducements than any other; but as soon as it is in that position it will receive all the available surplus capital until the rate of profit is lowered by the action of that capital itself, and some other country takes its place as the lodestone to capital. It is evident that the problem of inducing capital to come into a new country is the problem of enabling that country to offer a higher rate of profit than any other new country, and also the most important matter of bringing to the knowledge of investors the fact that it can offer the highest rate of profit. The two main considerations that affect the mind of the investor in conection with the rate of profit are the time delay in realizing a profit and the security offered of not losing any of the capital. The first of these elements, that of time, is largely affected in new countries by the means of communication afforded to and from the world's market; and the collective credit of the country can be very beneficially used in improving this. In this respect British Columbia has shown itself far-sighted and courageous. Too little care has, perhaps, been shown in avoiding the dangerous expedient of large grants of land, but to a large extent these were dictated by necessity rather than by want of apprehension of the dangers involved. But this element of time is also affected by the business expedient of stock speculation, which enables the individual investor to realize at any time, taking that portion of the profit represented by the less time remaining before the investment becomes profitable. This is the rationale of trading in non-productive shares, and this trading performs one of the most important and salutary economic functions in the development of new countries. The invincible conservatism of ignorance, however, leads many people to look upon this feature of modern industrial life with suspicion and distrust; while governments, as a rule, tend to place vexatious restrictions upon the freedom of joint stock enterprise, forgetting that these restrictions have their exact parallel in the foolish and disastrous restrictions upon trade enforced by mediaeval governments. Joint stock speculation has the effect of so far eliminating the time risk to the individual, and spreading it over an indefinite chain of investors, willing to accept it at a greater or a lesser price, that it is of the greatest importance in facilitating the introduction of capital, because, however the variation of risk involved may be the subject of specula-

tion, the country has the benefit of the capital subscribed. Therefore, joint stock enterprise should be at least as free and unhampered as other modes of business. And yet in British Columbia, as elsewhere, joint stock companies are made subject to disabilities which may best be described as embarrassing restrictions and predatory taxation.

Besides the almost uniform discrimination against joint stock companies there are other respects in which the Governments of new countries frequently make disastrous mistakes in their treatment of capital. But from those British Columbia is practically free, and indeed with regard to companies it has not yet gone far in error. Still it is not inopportune to point out that all questions of taxation, particularly in the shape of royalties on gross output, should be very carefully investigated as to their ultimate effect before being decided and acted upon.

The second element involved in the "highest rate of profit" is security against ultimate loss of the capital itself. This, of course, cannot be guaranteed in any industry or country But certain of the more obvious risks of loss may be avoided. It is the function of the Government to give security to person and property. The character of the Government of British Columbia in this respect, fortunately, gives the country an unimpeachable position. But another matter of the greatest importance is the prevention of the obtaining of capital under false pretences. This may be preented in a negative way by the frequent publication of reliable statistics and by the investigation of the true facts when misrepresentation is suspected. There are certain people whose minds are so painfully misguided as to argue that a swindle on outside capital is a good thing because it brings money into the country. But the capital which it introduces is destroyed absolutely, except that portion of it diverted into the swindler's pocket, where it seldom remains for any good purpose, while every such occurrence increases the average risk of the ultimate loss of capital by investing in such a country, and therefore increases the demands made upon the productive capacity of every enterprise contemplated in the country. The losses which British Columbia has sustained through this cause alone during the last ten years no tongue could tell nor any pen describe. It is true these losses have been sustained largely through the operations of outsiders, who have used the resources of the country as a stalking-horse to dupe confiding investors; but the effect upon the country is not altered by that consideration. That era is fortunately over. The growing industries of the Province are now sufficiently great to support a technical press, the only device yet adopted by society for protection against this particular form of crime.

If capital went by some instinctive and automatic process wherever the economic conditions justified it, everything required of a new country would be to provide those conditions. But the flow of capital is dependent, not only upon the existence of these conditions, but on the knowledge of their existence on the part of investors. It is seldom or never recognized by new countries that successful methods of advertisement are essential to attract capital; that it is equally useless to be able to offer the necessary economic inducements and not to make the fact known, as it is not to have them at all. And the making of them known adequately is not by any means an easy task, the pressure of different competitors for capital is so great in the financial centres of the world. In this particular respect British Columbia has by no means been as alive to its own interests as other countries. The real bearing of the problem does not seem to have ever been fully understood. That there is a scientific economic reason for heavy and judicious advertising has never as yet appealed to the common sense of the community, either as represented by the Government or by those in possesion of the country's great resources without the capital to develop them. Nor must it be forgotten that capital is frequently, it might almost be said, invariably attracted to new countries in the first instance by a hope of profit transcending altogether the ordinary economic considerations. Thus it is generally the speculative chances of

mining that first attract investors: therefore the opportunities afforded by this class of investment cannot be pressed home too strongly upon those communities which have surplus capital to invest. It is to be hoped that the people of British Columbia will learn to take a wider, and at the same time, a more scientific view of their interests in this direction in the future.

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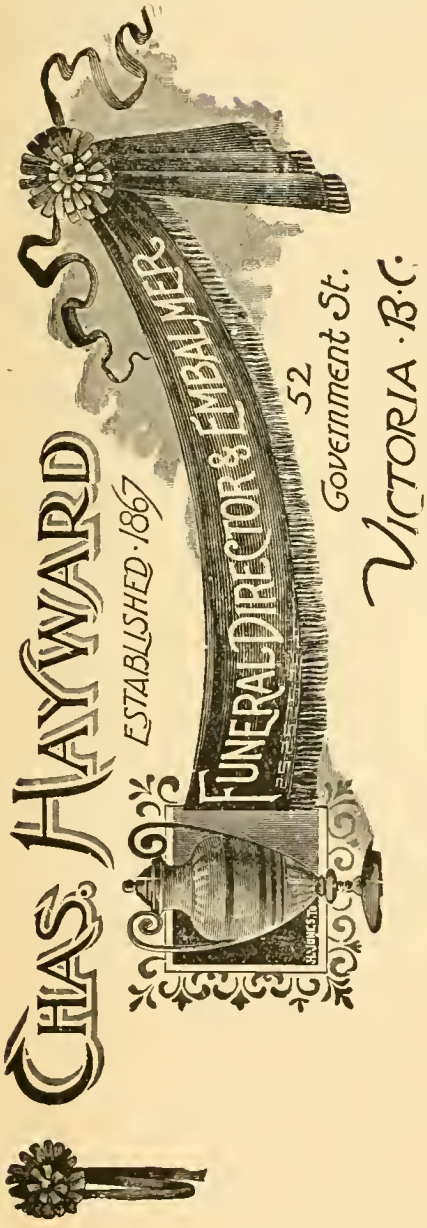
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If you used the **Turkish Bath** only for the saving of colds, it would be worth a hundred times what the facilities cost you.

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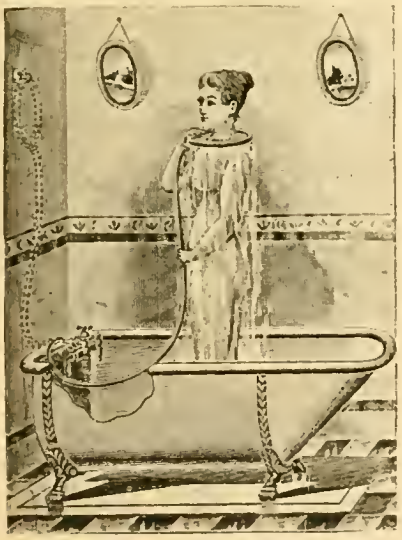
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Miners want the best and they get it, if it is labelled **Okell & Morris**. Our Preserves, Marmalade, Pickles, Sauces, Ketchups, Vinegars, have been awarded more first prizes than all the other manufacturers in West'n Canada. If you are a miner ask for the **Okell & Morris** brands. If you are a merchant sell them and treble your business.

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Motto: "Risk Minimum, Profit Maximum."

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Incorporated March 1897.

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Divided into 5,000,000 shares at $1.00 each issued fully paid and non-assessable.
Provision made for the issuance of the second block of Treasury Stock at 10 cents per share.

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OBJECTS OF THE COMPANY:

The Company has been organized for the purpose of acquiring and developing only first-class mineral properties in the Province of British Columbia, so as to make shipping mines of them as soon as possible, and to distribute their wealth, not only to residents of this country, but of the United States and Great Britain, and to everyone wherever he may be who has manifested a material interest in the Company's undertaking.

PROPERTIES:

The "Seattle," "Tacoma," "Omaha, "Brooklyn," "New York," "Grey Mule," and "Rebecca" mineral Claims known as the New York Group, situate 2½ miles from Port Hughes at the head of Bedwell Sound, west coast of Vancouver Island. There are mineral outcrops on all the claims, some of which are from 10 to 15 feet wide and are traceable for hundreds of feet, without a break. The ore bodies so far discovered consist of chalcopyrite, iron pyrite, and magnetite, also free-milling quartz outcrop containing gold visible to the naked eye. The ore bodies in the majority of instances rise at a convenient angle for tunnelling, the geological formation being similar to those of the leading mines of Rossland. Timber for all purposes at hand in abundance. Water power unexcelled, flowing through the Seattle, Omaha and Tacoma claims within about 100 feet from the mouth of the adit sufficient to run air compressors, electric tramway, saw mills, and for any other purpose for which it may be required. It is the only water power in the locality capable of utilization without extensive outlay and practically available by this company only. It will prove a valuable source of revenue in supplying power to other companies. The best natural townsite for the entire district is contained in the Tacoma Claim.

The natural shipping facilities are all that could be desired. The shaft on the Seattle is 600 feet, (aneroid) above the level of Bear River bottom. The course is thence by easy grade along Bear River valley about 2 miles to deep salt water Wharf site, 26 acres, comprising the whole of the deep water frontage at the head of Bedwell Sound.

Buildings: 1. Dining Room and Kitchen. 2. Sleeping House. 3. Assay Office 4. Blacksmith Shop. 5. Stable. 6. Warehouse at Wharf. 7. Floating Dock.

Development work done, 34 feet of shaft sunk 198 feet of drifts, besides several open cuts. Estimated tons of ore on dump 200. No finer specimens of copper sulphide ore can be found in the world.

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Ore from this property has recently obtained a Medal and Diploma of Honor at Earls Court Exhibition, London

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Respecting new issue of 250,000 shares of Treasury Stock at ten cents per share. The Company has by a liberal capitalization provided against exhaustion of its capital resources and has at the same time enhanced the value of the stock offered to the public by making such stock preferential to the extent of the price paid for it.

The Company's offer is to return the amount paid for Treasury stock to subscribers therefor in dividends in full before any dividends are declared in respect of any other portion of its stock.

Persons preferring to do so, may purchase shares within the next three months upon the instalment plan, that is to say, by paying one cent per share per month until the full amount is paid. Suitable forms supplied on application. Proceeds from sale of stock to be devoted to further development work. For specimens of ore, photographic cuts and assays prospectus, engineers reports, and quarterly statements and annual financial statement and other information respecting the Company's properties and the Company itself, apply at the Company's office, No. 28 Broad Street, Victoria, B. C.

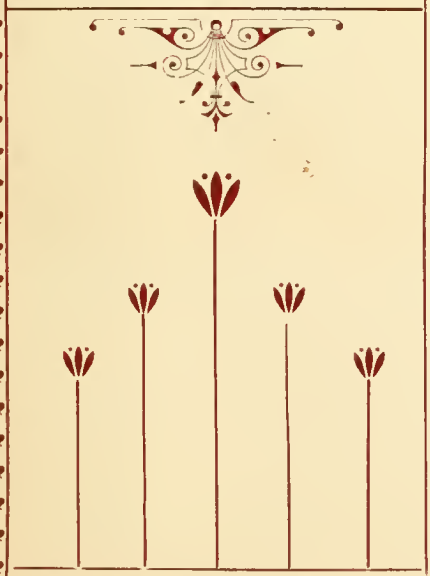
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Used principally for Gas and Domestic purposes.

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Steam Fuel.

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The several mines of the Company are connected with their wharves at Nanaimo, Departure Bay and Protection Island, where ships of the largest tonnage are loaded at all stages of the tide. Special despatch given to mail and ocean steamers.

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